

# ARGALUS AND PARTHENIA.

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Written by  
*FRA. QUARLES.*

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The last *EDITION* Corrected  
and Amended.

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*L O N D O N :*

Printed for *A. Mosely*, and are to  
be sold by *Edward Thomas* at  
the *Adam and Eve* in Little-  
*Britain.* 1664.



*The minde of the Frontispiece.*

**R**eaders, behinde this Silken Front'spiece  
lies

The Argument of our Book: which to your  
eyes

Our Muse (for serious causes, and best  
known

Unto her self) commands should be un-  
shown:

And therefore to that end, she hath thought  
fit

To draw this Curtain 'twixt your eye and  
it.







821

Q2a

1664

Enalisk 9 Nov 36 Pickering's Cl. H. - 1664



821

Q 2a To the Reader.

1664

READER,



Present thee here with an  
History of Argalus and Par-  
thenis, the fruits of broken  
hours. It was a Gien taken  
out of the Orchard of Sir  
Philip Sidney, of precious  
memory, which I have lately  
grafted upon a Crab-stock, in mine own. It  
hath brought forth many Leaves, and promises  
pleasing fruit, if malevolent eyes blast it not in  
the bud. This Book differs from my former, as  
a Courtier from a Church-man: But if any  
think it unfit for me to play both parts, I  
have Presidents for it: And let such know, that  
I have taken but one Play-day in six: However,  
I should besbrow that hand that bindes them all  
together to make one Volume. In this discourse,  
I have not affected to set thy understanding on  
the Rack, by the Tyranny of strong Lines,  
which (as they fabulously report of China  
dishes) are made for the third Generation to  
make use of, and are the meer Itch of Wit;  
under the colour of which many have ventur-  
ed (trusting to the Oedipean conceit of  
their ingenious Reader) to write non-sense,

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and

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and just 9 Nov 36 Pickering & Chatts = 1664 ad. 26 May 37 ad.

## To the Reader.

and feloniously father the created expostions  
of other men; not unlike some Painters, who  
first make the Picture, then from the opinion of  
better judgements conclude whom it resembles.  
These lines are strong enough for my purpose:  
If not for them, yet read them, and yet un-  
derstandings may be magnified by their weak-  
ness. Reader, thou shalt in the progress of this  
Story meet with a seeming Solæcism; which  
is this; Demagoras his so foul a deed perpe-  
trated upon the fair Parthenia is fully express;  
and yet, the revenge thereof past over in si-  
lence; wherein (as I conceive) I have not  
dealt unjustly. When Prometheus stole fire  
from Heaven to animate and quicken his arti-  
ficial bodies, the severer gods for punishment of  
so high a sacrilege, struck him not dead with  
a sudden Thunder-bolt, but (to be more deeply  
avenged) let him live, to be tormented with  
Vultures continually gnawing on his Liver.  
The same kinde of torture had Ixion; so had Si-  
sypheus; so had Tantalus: Did then Dema-  
goras fault equal (if not exceed) theirs, and  
should his punishment be less? Had my Pen de-  
livered him dead into your hands, what could  
you have had more? His accursed memory had  
soon rotted with his baser name, and there had  
been an end of him: In which respect I have  
suffered him to live; that he may stand like  
a Jack-a-Lent, or a Shroving Cock, for every  
one to spend a Gudgeon at, to the Worlds end.

Ladies

## To the Reader.

Ladies, for in your silken laps I know this Book  
will chuse to lie, which being far-fetched, (if  
the Stationer be wise) will be most fit for you;  
my suit is, That you would be pleased to give the  
fair Parthenia your noble entertainment: She  
hath cross'd the Seas for your acquaintance, and is  
come to live and die with you; to whose gentle  
hands I recommend her, and kiss them.

Dublin this 4.  
of March  
1621.

FR. QUARLES.

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A 4

Ar-

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**THE**

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 Argalus and Parthenia.

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*The first Book,*  
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**W**ithin the limits of th' *Arcadian* Land,  
 Whose gratefull bounty hath enricht the  
     hand  
 Of many a shepherd swain, whose rural art  
 (Untaught to gloze, or with a double heart  
 To vow dissembled Love) did build to Fame  
 Eternal *Trophies* of a Pastoral name :  
 That sweet *Arcadia*, which, in antick days,  
 Was wont to warble out her well-tun'd lays  
 To all the world ; and with her Oaten Reed,  
 Did sing her love whilst her proud flocks did feed :  
*Arcadia*, whose deserts did claim to be  
 As great a sharer in the *Daphnean* Tree,  
 As his, whose louder *Aenead* proudly sings  
 Heroick conquests of victorious Kings -  
 There (if th'exuberance of a word may swell  
 So high, that *Angels* may be said to dwell)  
 There dwelt that *Virgin*, that *Arcadian* glory,  
 Whose rare composure did abstract the story  
 Of true perfection, modellizing forth  
 The height of beauty, and admired worth ;  
 Her name *Parthenia*, whose unnam'd descent  
 Can serve but as a needless complement,

To gild perfection : She shall boast alone,  
What bounteous Art, and Nature makes her own.

Her mother was a Lady, whom deep age  
More fill'd with honour, than diseases ; sage,  
A modest Matron, strict, reserv'd, austere,  
Sparing in speech, but lib'ral of her ear ;  
Fierce to her foes, and violent where she likes ;  
Wedded to what her own opinion strikes :  
Frequent in alms, and charitable deeds  
Of mighty spirit, constant to her beads,  
Wifely suspicious : but what need we other  
Then this ? she was the fair *Parthenia's* mother,  
That rare *Parthenia*, in whose heavenly eye  
Sits maiden mildness mixt with majesty,  
Whose secret power hath a double skill,  
By frowns or smiles to make alive or kill ;  
Her cheeks are like to banks of fairest flowres,  
Enrich'd with sweetness from the twilight showres,  
Whereon those jays which were so often bred,  
Compos'd were, betwixt the white and red :  
Her hair wrought down beneath her Ivory knees,  
As if that Nature to so rare a piece  
Had meant a shadow, labouring to show  
And boast the utmost that her hand could do.  
Like smallest flax appear'd her Nymph-like hair,  
But onely flax was not so small, so fair  
Her lips like Rubies, and you'd think, within,  
Instead of teeth, that orient pearls had been .  
The whiteness of her dainty neck you know,  
If ever you beheld the new-faln Snow ,  
Her Swan-like breasts were like two little Spheres,  
Wherein each azure line in view appears ;  
Which were they obvious but to every eye,  
All liberal Arts would turn Astronomy :  
Her slender waste, her lilly hands, her arms  
I dare not set to view, because all charms  
Forbidden are : my bashful Muse descends  
No lower step : Here her Commission ends,  
And by another virtue doth enjoin  
My pen to reach perfection more divine.



The chaste *Diana*, and her Virgins crew  
Was but a *Type* of one that should ensue  
In after ages, which we finde exprest,  
And here fulfill'd in chaste *Partheniaes* breast;  
True virtue was the object of her will.  
She could no ill, because she knew no ill;  
Her thoughts were noble, and her words oft lavish,  
Yet free; but wisely weigh'd, more apt to ravish,  
Than to entice; less beautifi'd with art,  
Than natural sweetness: In her gentle heart  
Judgment transcended; from her milder breast  
Passion was not exiled, but repress'd:  
Her voice excell'd, nay, had you heard her voice  
But warble forth, you might have had the choice,  
To take her for some smooth-fac'd *Cerberus*,  
Or else some glorious angel that had been  
A treble sharer in the eternal joys;  
Such was her voice, such was her heavenly voice:  
Merry, yet modest; witty, and yet wise;  
Not apt to toy, and yet not too too nice;  
Quick, but not rash; courteous, and yet not common;  
Not too familiar, and yet scorning no man.  
In brief, who would relate her praises well,  
Must first bethink himself, what 'tis t' excell.

When these perfections had enhaunc'd the name  
Of rare *Parthenia*, nimble-winged Fame  
Grew great with honour, spreads her hasty wings,  
Advanc'd her Trumpet, and away she springs,  
And with her full-mouth'd blast she doth proclaim  
Th'unmated glory of *Partheniaes* name,  
Who now but fair *Parthenia*? what report  
Can finde admittance in th'*Aradian* Court  
But fair *Partheniaes*? Every solemn feast  
Must now be sweetned, honourd and possess'd  
With high discourses of *Partheniaes* glory.  
And every mouth must breath *Partheniaes* story!  
The Poet summons now his amorous quill,  
And scorns assistance from the sacred Hill.  
The sweet-lip'd Orator takes in hand to raise  
His prouder stile, to speak *Partheniaes* praise,

The curious Painter wisely doth displace  
 Fair *Venus*, sets *Parthenia* in her place.  
 The pleader burns his books, disdains the Law,  
 And falls in love with whom his eyes ne're saw.  
 Healths to the fair *Parthenia* flie about  
 At every board, whilest others, more devout,  
 Build idols to her, and adore the same,  
 And Parrots learn to prate *Parthenias* name:  
 Some trust to fame, some secretly disprize  
 Her worth; some emulates, and some envies,  
 Some doubt, some fear lest lavish Fame bely her,  
 And all that dare believe report, admire.

Upon the borders of th<sup>e</sup> *Arcadian* Land  
 Dwelt a *Laonian* Lord, of proud command,  
 Lord of much people, youthfull, and of fame  
 More great than good, *Demagoras* his name:  
 Of stature tall, his body spare and meager,  
 Thick shouldred, hollow-cheek'd, and visage eager,  
 His gashfull countenance swarthy, long and thin,  
 And down each side of his reverted chin;  
 A lock of black neglected hair (befriended  
 With warts too ugly to be seen) descended;  
 His rolling eyes were deeply sunk, and hiew'd  
 Like fire: 'Tis said, they blister'd where they view'd,  
 Upon his shoulders from his fruitfull crown  
 A rugged crop of *Elf-Locks* dangled down:  
 His hide all hairy; garish his attire,  
 And his complexion meerly Earth and Fire;  
 Perverse to all; extenuating what  
 Another did, because he did it not;  
 Maligning all mens actions but his own,  
 Not loving any, and belov'd of none;  
 Revengefull, envious, desperately stout,  
 And in a word, to paint him fully out,  
 That had the Monopoly, to fulfill  
 Advice, the *Hieroglyphick* of all ill.  
 He view'd *Parthenias* face. As from above,  
 Fire-balls of lightning hurl'd by angry *Jove*,  
 Confound the unarm'd beholder at a blow,  
 And leave him ruin'd in the place; Even so

The peerless beauty of *Parthenia's* eyes,  
At the first sight did conquer and surprize  
The lavish thoughts of this amazed lover,  
Who void of strength to hide, or to discover  
The tyrannous scorching of his secret fires,  
Prompted by passion, with himself conspires :

*Accurs'd Demagoras ! Into what a Fever  
Hath one look struck thy soul ? O never, never  
To be recur'd ! If I had done amiss,  
Hath Heaven no easier plagues in store, but this ?  
Prometheus pains are not so sharp as these ;  
Our sins yet labour'd both of one disease ;  
Our faults are equal : Both stole fire from Heaven ;  
Our faults alike, why are our plagues uneven ?  
Be just, O make not such unequal odds  
Of equal sins : Be just, or else no gods :  
Why send ye down such Angels to the earth  
To mock poor mortals ? or of mortal birth  
If such a Heaven-like Paragon may be,  
Why do ye not wound her as well as me ?  
But why do I implore your aids in vain,  
That are the highest Agents of my pain ?  
Poor wretch ! What hope of help can ye assure me,  
When only she that made the wound can cure me ?  
Divine *Parthenia*, Earths unvalued Jewel.  
Would thou hadst been less glorious or less cruel :  
When first thine eyes did to these eyes appear:  
I read the history of my ruine there,  
My necessary ruine : Heaven, nor Hell  
Can salve my sores, by help of Prayer or Spell ;  
Gods are unjust, and if with charms I baunt her,  
Her eyes are counter charms, to enchant th'inchanter :  
Why do I thus exulcerate my disease ?  
By adding torments, hope I to finde ease ?  
Is not her cruelty enough alone,  
But must I bring fresh torments of mine own ?  
Chear up *Demagoras* ; 'Tis a wise mans part  
Not to lose all, if his unpractis'd art  
Serves not to gain : A Gamester may not chuse  
His chance : It is some conquest not to lose.*

Look to thy self: Let no injurious blast  
 Of cold despair chill thy green wounds too fast  
 For time to cure: O hope for no remission  
 Of pain, till Cupid send thee a Physician.  
 She is a woman; if a woman, then  
 My title's good: Women were made for men.  
 She is a woman, though her heavenly brow  
 Write Angel, and may stoop, although not now;  
 Women, by looks, will not be understood  
 Untill their hearts advise with flesh and blood.  
 She is a woman, There's no reason why  
 But she (perchance) may burn as well as I.  
 Move then, Demagoras, let Parthenia know  
 The strength of her own beauty, in thy wo:  
 Fear not what thou ador'st; begin to move,  
 Cris-cross fore-runs the Alphabet of love.  
 'Tis half perfected what is once began,  
 She is a woman, and she must be won.

Like as a Swain, whose hands have made a vow,  
 And sworn allegiance to the peaceful Plow,  
 Prest out for service in the Martial Camp,  
 At first (unentred) findes a liveless damp  
 Beleag'ring every joynt, as often f wounds  
 As here he views his sword, or thinks of wounds;  
 At length (not finding any means for flying,  
 Switch'd and spur'd on with desperate fear of dying)  
 He hews, he hacks, and in the midst he goes,  
 And freshly deals about his frantick blows,  
 Even so Demagoras, whose unbred fashion  
 Had never yet subscrib'd to loves sweet passion,  
 Being call'd a Combatant to Cupid's field,  
 Trembles, and secretly resolves to yield  
 The day without a parly, till at length,  
 Fiercely transported by th'untutor'd strength  
 Of his own passion, he himself assures,  
 That desp'rate torments must have desp'rate cures;  
 And thus to the divine Partheniaes ears  
 Applies his speech, devoid of doubts and fears;

Fairest of creatures, if my ruder tongue,  
 To right it self, should do your patience wrongs,

And

And lawless passion makes it too too free,  
O blame your heavenly beauty, and not me;  
It was those eyes, those precious eyes that first  
Enforc'd my tongue to speak, or heart to burst;  
From those dear eyes I first receiv'd that wound,  
Which seeks for cure, and cannot be made sound  
But by the hand that struck't; To you alone,  
I sue for help, that else must hope for none.  
Then crown my joys, thou Antidote of despair,  
And be as merciful as thou art fair;  
Nature, (the bounty of whose liberal hand  
Made thee the jewel of the Arcadian Land)  
Intended in so rare a prize, to boast  
Her master-piece: Hid jewels are but lost:  
Shine then; and rob not Nature of her due.  
But honour her, as she hath honour'd you.  
Let not the best of all her works lie dead  
In the nice Casket of a Maiden-head.  
What she would have reveal'd, O do not smother,  
Th'art made in vain, unless thou make another:  
Give me thy heart, and for that gift of thine,  
Lest thou shouldst want a heart, I'll give thee mine,  
As richly fraught with love, and lasting duty  
As thou with virtue, or thine eyes with beauty,  
Why dost thou frown? Why does that heavenly brow  
Not made for wrinkles, shew a wrinkle now?  
Send forth thy brighter Sun-shine, and the while,  
O lend me but the twilight of a smile:  
Give me one amorous glance; why standst thou mute?  
Disclose those ruby lips, and grant my suit:  
Speak (Love,) or if thy doubtful minde be bent  
To silence, let that silence be consent:  
Nor beg I love of alms, although in part,  
My words may seem to plead my own desert;  
Disdain me not, although my thoughts descend  
Below themselves, I enjoy so fair a friend.  
I, that have oft with tears been sought to, sue;  
And Queens have been his servants that serves you.  
The beauties of all Greece have been at strife  
To win the name of great Demagoras wife,

And

And been despis'd, not worthy to obtain  
 So high an honour; what they sought (in vain)  
 I here present thee with, as thine own due,  
 It being an honour fit for none but you:  
 Speak then (my Love), and let thy lips make known  
 That I am either thine, or not mine own.

Have you beheld when fresh *Aurora's* eye  
 Sends forth her early beams, and by and by  
 Withdraws the glory of her face, and shrouds  
 Her cheeks behinde a ruddy mask of clouds,  
 Which, who believe in *Erra Pater* say,  
 Presages winde and blustering storms that day.  
 Such were *Parthenia's* looks; in whose fair face  
 Roses and Lilies, late, had equal place:  
 But now, 'twixt Maiden bashfulness, and spleen,  
 Roses appear'd, and Lilies were not seen:  
 She paus'd a while, till at the last she breaks  
 Her long kept angry silence, thus, and speaks.

My Lord,

Had your strong Oratory but the Art  
 To make me conscious of so great desert,  
 As you perswade. I should be bound in duty  
 To praise your Rhet'rick as you praise my beauty;  
 Or if the frailty of my judgment could  
 Flatter my thoughts so grossly as to hold  
 Your words for currant, you might boldly dare  
 Count me as foolish as you term me fair.  
 If you vie Courtship, Fortune knows that I  
 Have not so strong a Game, to seek the vie:  
 Alas, my skill durst never undertake  
 To play the game, where hearts be set at stake:  
 Needs must the loss be great, when such have bin  
 Seldom observ'd to save themselves that win:  
 You crave my heart, my Lord, you crave withall;  
 Too great a mis'chief. My poor heart's too small  
 To fill the concave of so great a brest,  
 Whose thoughts can scorn the amorous request  
 Of love-sick Queens, and can requite the vain  
 And fadion suit of Ladies with disdain:

Stoop

Steep no: too low beneath your self (Great Lord)  
 To love Parthenia; Shall so poor a word  
 Stain your fair lips, whose merits do proclame  
 A more transcendent fortune, than that name  
 Can give? Call down Jove's winged Pursuivant,  
 And give his tongue the power to enchant  
 Some easie Gods in your name, and tread  
 A marriage fitting so sublime, so great  
 A minde as yours, and fill the fruitful earth  
 With Heroes, sprung from so divine a birth:  
 Partheniaes heart could never yet aspire  
 So high: Her home-bred thoughts durst ne're desire  
 So fond an honour, matcht with so great pride,  
 To hope for that which Queens have been deny'd.  
 Be wise, my Lord; vouchsafe not to repeat  
 S' unfit a suit: Be wise as you are great:  
 Advance your noble thoughts, bazard no more  
 To wrack your fortunes on so fleet a shore,  
 That to the wiser world it may be known  
 The y' are mine, the more you are your own.

Like as a guilty prisoner, upon whom  
 Offended Justice lately past her doom,  
 Stands trembling by, and hopeles to prevail,  
 Bauls not for mercy, but to the loathed Jail  
 Drags his sad Irons, and from thence commends  
 A hasty suit to his selected friends,  
 That by the virtue of a quick Reprieve,  
 The wretch might have some few days more to live:  
 Even so Demagoras, whose re-wounded heart  
 Had newly felt the unexpected smart  
 And secret burden of a desperate doom,  
 Replies not, takes no leave, but quits the room,  
 And in his discontented minde revolves  
 Ten thousand thoughts, and at the last resolves  
 What course to run, relying on no other  
 But the assistance of Partheniaes mother.  
 Forthwith his fierce misguided passion drove  
 His wandring steps to the next neighbouring grove,  
 A keen Steeletto in his trembling hand  
 He rudely grip'd, upon his lips did stand

A milk-white froth, his eyes like flames ; Sometimes  
He curses Heaven, himself, and then the times,  
Rails at the proud *Parthenia* ; raves, despairs,  
And from his head rends off his tangled hairs,  
Curses the womb that bare him, bans the Fates,  
And drunk with spleen he thus deliberates :

*Why dy'st thou not, Demagoras, when as death  
Lends thee a weapon ? Can the whining breath  
Of discontents and passion send relief  
To thy distraction, or assuage thy grief ?  
Why mov'st thou not the gods ? or, rather, why  
Dost not contemn and scorn their power and die ?  
But stay ! of whom dost thou complain ? A woman.  
To whom (send man) dost thou complain ? A woman.  
And shall a womans frowns have power to grieve thee ?  
Or shall a womans wanton smile relieve thee ?  
Fie, fie, Demagoras, shall a womans eye  
Prevail, to make the stout Demagoras die,  
And leave to after times an enter'd name  
Tib' Calender of fools ? Rouze up for shame  
Thy wasted spirits : whet thy spleen, and live  
To be reveng'd : She, she, that would not give  
Admittance to thy profer'd love, must drink  
The potion of thy hate : stir then the sink  
Of all thy passion ; where thou canst not gain  
By fairer language. Tarquin-like constrain.  
But hold thy hand Demagoras, and advise ;  
Art gives advantage oft where force denies :  
Suspend thy fury, make *Parthenia's* mother  
Thy means : One Adamant will cut another :  
Sweeten thy lips with amorous Oratory ;  
Aff. & her tender heart with the sad story  
Of thy dear love : Extoll *Parthenia's* beauty ;  
But most of all, urge that deserved duty  
Thou ow'st her virtue, and make that the ground  
Of thy first love, that gave thy heart the wound  
Mingle thy words with sighs, and it is meet,  
If thou canst force a tear to let her see't,  
Against thy will. Let thy false tongue forbear  
No vows, and though thou beest forsworn, yet swear :*



If ere thy barren lips shall chance to pause,  
For want of words, Parthenia is the cause,  
Who hath benumb'd thy heart, if ere they go  
Beyond their lists, Parthenia made them so :  
Withall, be sure, when ere thou shalt advance  
The daughters virtues, let the glory glance  
Upon the prudent mother : women care not  
To hear too much of virtue if they share not.  
When thou hast prepar'd her melting ear  
To soft attention, closely in the rear  
Of thy discourse prefer thy sad petition  
That she would please to favour the condition  
Of a distressed Lover, and afford  
In thy behalf, a mothers timely word ;  
So shalt thou wreak thy vengeance by a wile,  
And make the mother Bawd to her own child.

He paused not, but like a rash projectour  
(Whose frantick passion was supreme directour)  
Fixt his first thoughts, impatient of the second,  
Which might been better'd by advice, and reckon'd  
All time but lost which he bestowed not  
On th' execution of his hopefull plot :  
Forthwith his nimble paces he divided  
Towards the Summer Palace, where resided  
The fair Parthenias mother, boldly enters  
And after mutual complement adventures  
To break the ice of his dissembled grief :  
Thus he complains, and thus he begs relief.

*Madam,*

The hopeful thriving of my suit depends  
Upon your goodness, and it recommends  
It self unto your favour, from whose hand  
It must have sentence, or to fall or stand :  
Thrice three times hath the Sovereign of the night  
Repair'd her empty horns with borrowed light,  
Since these sad eyes, these beauty-blasted eyes  
Were stricken by a light that did arise  
From your blest womb, whose unswaged smart  
Hath pierc'd my soul, and wounded my poor heart :

*It*

It is the fair Parthenia, whose divine  
 And glorious virtue led these eyes of mine  
 To their own ruine ; Like a wanton Fly,  
 I dallied with the flame of her bright eye,  
 Till I have burn'd my wings ; O, if to love,  
 Be held a sin ; the guilty Gods above  
 (Being fellow-sinners with us, and commit  
 The self-same crimes) may eas'ly pardon it.  
 O thrice divine Parthenia, that hast got  
 A sacred privilege which the Gods have not,  
 If thou hast doom'd that I should be bereav'd  
 Of my loath'd life, yet let me die forgiven ;  
 And welcome death that with one happy blow  
 Gives me more ease than ever life could do.  
 Madam, to whom should my sad words appeal  
 But you ? Alas, to whom should I reveal  
 My dying thoughts but unto you that gave  
 Being to her, that hath the power to save  
 My wasted life ? the language of a mother  
 Moves more than tears that trickle from another ;  
 With that a well-dissembled drop did slide  
 From his false eyes. The Lady thus reply'd ;

My honourable Lord,  
 If my untimely answer hath prevented  
 Some further words your passion would have vented,  
 Pardon my haste, which in a ruder fashion  
 Sought onely to divide you from your passion ;  
 The love you bear Parthenia must claim  
 The privilege of mine ear, and in her name  
 (Though from an absent minde, as yet unknown)  
 Return I thanks with interest of mine own.  
 The little judgment that the Gods have lent  
 Her downy years (though in a small extent)  
 Does challenge the whole freedom of her choice  
 In the resignation of a mothers voice ;  
 The sprightly fancies of a Virgins minde  
 Enter themselves, and hate to be confin'd.  
 The hidden Embers of a lovers fire  
 Desire no bellows, but their own desire ;  
 And like to Dedalus his forge, if blown,

Burns dim and dies ; blazes, if let alone.  
 Lovers affect without advisement, that  
 Whic h being most perswaded to, they hate:  
 My Lord, adjourn your passion, and refer  
 The fortune of your suit to time, and her.  
 Like to a Pinnacle is a Lovers minde,  
 The sail his fan.y is ; a storm of winde  
 His uncontrouled passion ; the Stear's  
 His Reason ; Rocks and Sands are Doubts and Fears :  
 Tcur Storm being great, like a wise Pilot bear  
 But little Sail, and stoutly ply the Stear:  
 Leave then the violence of your thoughts to me,  
 My Lord ; too hastily Gamesters oversee.  
 Go, move Parthenia, and let Juno's blessing  
 Attend your hopeful suit, in the suppressing  
 Loves common evils ; and if her warm desire  
 Shew but a spark, leave me to blow the fire.  
 Go, lose no time : Lovers must be laborious ;  
 My Lord, go prosperous, and return victorious.

With that, Demagoras (prostrate on the ground,  
 As if his ears had heard that blessed sound,  
 Wherewith the Delphian Oracle acquies  
 Th'accepted sacrifice) performs the Rites  
 Of quick devotion to that heavenly voice,  
 Which fed his soul with the malignant joys  
 Of vow'd revenge ; up from the floor he starts,  
 Blesses the tongue that blest him, and departs.

By this time had the Heaven surrounding Steeds  
 Quell'd their proud courage, turn'd their fainting  
 Into their lower Hemisphere, to cool (heads  
 Their flaming Nostrils in the Western Pool,  
 When as the dainty and mollitious Air  
 Had bid the Lady of the Palace share  
 In her refined pleasures, and invited  
 Her gentle steps fully to be delighted  
 In those sweet walks where Flora's liberal hand  
 Had given more freely than to all the Land.  
 There walked she, and in her various minde,  
 Projects and casts about which way to finde  
 The progress of the young Partheniaes heart.

Like

Likes this way: Then a second thought does thwart  
 The first; likes that way, then a third the second;  
 One while she likes the match, and then she reckon'd  
*Demagoras* virtues: Now her fears intices  
 Her thoughts to alter; then she counts his vices:  
 Sometimes she calls his vows and oaths to minde;  
 Another while thinks oaths and words but winde,  
 She likes, dislikes, her doubtful thoughts do vary;  
 Resolves, and then resolves the quite contrary:  
 One while she fears that his malign aspect  
 Will give the Virgin cause to disaffect;  
 And then propounds to her ambitious thoughts  
 His wealth, the golden cover of all faults;  
 And from the *Chaos* of her doubt digests  
 Her fears; creates a world of wealth, and rests:  
 With that, she straight unfixt her fastned eyes  
 From off the ground, and looking up espies  
 The fair *Parthenia* in a lonely bowre,  
 Spending the treasure of an evenings hour.  
 There sate she, reading the sweet sad discourses  
 Of *Chariclea's* love; the intercourses  
 Of whose mixt fortunes taught her tender heart  
 To feel the self-same joy, the self-same smart;  
 She read, she wept; and as she wept she smil'd,  
 As if her equal eyes had reconcil'd  
 Th' extremes of joy and grief: she clos'd the book  
 Then open'd it, and with a milder look,  
 She pities lovers; musing then a while,  
 She teaches smiles to weep, and tears to smile;  
 At length her broken thoughts she thus discovers,  
*Unconstant state of poor distressed lovers!*  
*Is all extreme in love? No mean at all?*  
*No draughts indifferent? Either honey or gall?*  
*Has Cupid's universe no temp'rate Zone?*  
*Either a torrid, or a frozen one?*  
*Alas, alas poor Lovers! As she spake*  
 Those words, from her disclosed lips there brake  
 A gentle sigh, and after that another:  
 With that, steps in her unexpected mother.  
 Have ye beheld when *Titan's* lustful head

Hath newly div'd into the Sea-green bed  
Of *Thetis*, how the bashful Horizon  
(Enforc'd to see what should be seen by none)  
Looks red for shame, and blushes to discover  
Th' incestuous pleasures of the Heaven born lover?  
So look'd *Parthenia*, when the sudden eye  
Of her unwelcome mother did descry  
Her secret passion; The mothers smile  
Brought forth the daughters blush; and level coyly  
They smil'd and blusht, one smile begat another;  
The daughter blusht, because the jealous mother  
Smil'd on her, and the silent mother smil'd  
To see the conscious blushing of her childe.  
At length grown great with words, she did awake  
Her forced silence, and the thus bespake,

Blush not, my fairest daughter: 'Tis no shame  
To pity lovers, or lament that flame,  
Which worth and beauty kindles in the brest:  
'Tis charity to succour the distressed.  
The disposition of a generous heart.  
Makes ever grief her own; at least bears part.  
What *Murble*, ah what *Adamantine* ear  
Ere heard the flames of *Troy* without a tear?  
Much more the scorbing of a lovers fire  
(Whose desperate fuel is his own desire)  
May boldly challenge every gentle heart  
To be joint-tenant in his secret smart.  
Why dost thou blush? why did those pearly tears  
Slide down? Fear not: This arbour hath no ears:  
Here's none but we; speak then: It is no shame  
To shed a tear, thy mother did the same.  
Say, hath the winged wanton, with his dart,  
Sent e're a message to thy wounded heart?  
Speak, in the name of *Hymen*, I conjure thee:  
If so, I have a balsam will recure thee;  
I fear, I fear, the young *Laconian* Lord  
Hath lately left some indigested word  
In thy cold stomach; which for want of art,  
I doubt, I doubt, lies heavy at thy heart:  
If that he all, revealing brings relief:

Silence

Silence in love but multiplies a grief;  
Hid sorrow's desperate, not to be endur'd,  
Which being but disclos'd, is easily cur'd.  
Perchance thou lov'st Demagoras, and wouldst smother  
Thy close affection from thy angry mother,  
And reap the dainty fruits of love unseen;  
I did the like, or thou hadst never been;  
Stoln goods are sweetest. If it be thy minde  
To love in secret, I will be as blinde  
As he that wounded thee; or if thou dare  
Acquaint thy mother, then a mothers care  
Shall be redoubled, till thy thoughts acquire  
The sweet fruition of thy choice desire.  
Thou lov'st Demagoras: if thy lips deny,  
Thy conscious heart must give thy lips the lye:  
And if thy liking countermand my will,  
Thy punishment shall be to love him still:  
Then love him still, and let his hopes inherit  
The Crown belonging to so fair a merit;  
His thoughts are noble, and his fame appears  
To speak, at least, an age above his years:  
The bloud of his increasing honour springs  
From the high stock of the Arcadian Kings:  
The gods have blest him with a liberal hand,  
Enrich'd him with the prime of all the land:  
Honour and wealth attend his gates, and what  
Can be command that he possesse not?  
All which, and more (if mothers can divine)  
The fortune of thy beauty hath made thine;  
He is thy Captive, and thy conquering eyes  
Have took him prisoner, he submits, and lies  
At thy dear mercy, hoping ne're to be  
Ransom'd from death, by any price but thee.  
Wrong not thy self, in being too too nice;  
And what (perchance) may not be proffer'd twice,  
Accept at first: It is a foolish minde  
To be too coy; Occasion's bald behinde.  
'Tis not the common work of every day  
To afford such offers; take them while you may,  
Times alter: Youth and Beauty are but blasse;

Use then thy time, whilst youth and beauty lasts :  
For if that losht<sup>d</sup> and infamous reproach  
Of a stale maid, but offer to incroach  
Upon opinion, thou art in estimation,  
Like garments kept till they be out of fashion :  
Thy worth, thy wit, thy virtues all must stand  
Like goods at out-cries, priz'd at second hand ;  
Resolve thee then, t'enlarge thy Virgin-life  
With th<sup>e</sup> honourable freedom of a Wife :  
And let the fruits of that blest Marriage be  
A living pledge betwixt my childe and me.

So said, The fair Parthenia (in whose heart  
Her strong affection yet had got the start  
Of her obedience) makes a sudden pause,  
Strives with her thoughts ; objects the binding Laws  
Of filial duty to her best affection,  
Sometimes submits unto her own election,  
Sometimes unto her mothers : thus divided  
In her distracted fancy, sometimes guided  
By one desire, and sometimes by another,  
She thus reply'd to her attentive mother :

Madam,

Think not Parthenia, under a pretence  
Of silence studies disobedience ;  
Or by the crafty slowness of reply  
Borrows a quick advantage to deny :  
It lies not in your power to command  
Beyond my will, unto your tender hand  
I here surrender up that little All  
You gave me freely to dispose withall :  
The Gods forbid Parthenia should resist  
What you command, command you what you list :  
But pardon me, the young Laconian Lord  
Hath made assault, but never yet could board  
This heart of mine : I wept, I wept indeed,  
But my mis-construed streams did ne<sup>r</sup> proceed  
From Cupid's Spring ; This blubber'd Book makes known  
Whose griefs I wept ; I wept not for mine own ;  
My lowly thoughts durst never yet aspire  
The least degree towards the proud desire

Of so great honour to be call'd his Wife,  
 For whom ambitious Queens have been at strife.  
 He su'd for love, and strongly did importune  
 My heart, more pleas'd with a meaner fortune:  
 My breast was Marble, and my heart forgot  
 All pity; for indeed, I lov'd him not:  
 But Madam, you, to whose more wise directions  
 I bend the stoutest of my rash affections,  
 You have commanded, and your will shall be  
 The square of my uneven desires, and me:  
 Ile practise duty, and my deed shall show it:  
 Ile practise love, though Cupid never know it.

When great Basilus (he whose Princely hand  
 Nourisht long peace in the Arcadian Land)  
 With triumph brought to his renowned Court  
 His new espoused Queen, was great resort  
 Of forreign States, and Princes, to behold  
 The truth that unbeliev'd report hath told  
 Of fair Gynecia's worth, thither repair'd  
 The Cyprian Nobles richly all prepar'd  
 In walike furniture, and well address'd.  
 With solemn Jufts to glorifie the Feast  
 Of Mariage royal, lately past between  
 Th' Arcadian King, and his thrice noble Queen,  
 The fair Gynecia, in whose face and brest  
 Nature and curious Art had done their best,  
 To sum that rare perfection, which (in brief)  
 Transcends the power of a strong belief:  
 Her Sire was the Cyprian King, whose fame  
 Receiv'd more honour from the honour'd name,  
 Than if he had with his victorious hand  
 Unsceptred half the Princes in the Land:  
 To tell the glory of this royal Feast,  
 The Bridegroom's state, and how the Bride was drest;  
 The princely service, and the rare delights;  
 The several names and worth of Lords and Knights;  
 The quaint *Impressa's*, their deviceful shows;  
 Their Martial sports, their oft redoubled blows;  
 The courage of this Lord, of that proud Horse,  
 Who ran, who got the better, who the worse,



Is not my task, nor lies it in my way  
 To make relation of it, Heraulds may:  
 Yet fame and honour have selected one  
 From that illustrious crue; and him alone  
 Have recommended to my careful quill,  
 Forbidding that his honour should lie still  
 Among the rest, whom fortune and his spirit  
 That day had crowned with a Victors merit:  
 His name was *Argalus*, in *Cyprus* born,  
 And (if what is not ours, may adorn  
 Our proper fortunes) his bloud royal springs  
 From th'ancient stock of the great *Cyprian* Kings:  
 His out-side had enough to satisfie  
 The expectation of a curious eye:  
 Nature was too too prodigal of her beauty,  
 To make him half so fair, whom fame and duty  
 He ought to honour, call'd so often forth,  
 To approve the excellence of his manly worth;  
 His minde was richly furnisht with the treasure  
 Of moral knowledge in so liberal measure,  
 Not to be proud; So valiant and so strong,  
 Of noble courage, not to dare a wrong,  
 Friendly to all men, inward but with few;  
 Fast to his old friends, and unapt for new:  
 Lord of his word, and master of his passion,  
 Serious in business, choice in recreation,  
 Not too mistrustful, and yet wisely wary,  
 Hard to resolve, and then as hard to vary.  
 And to conclude, the world could hardly finde  
 So rare a body with so rare a minde.

Thrice had the bright Surveyor of the Heaven  
 Divided out the days and nights by eaven  
 And equal hours, since this childe of fame  
 (Invited by the glory of her name)  
 First view'd *Parthenias* face, whose mutual eye  
 Shot equal flames, and with the secret tye  
 Of undisclos'd affection, joyn'd together  
 Their yielding hearts, their loves unknown to either:  
 Both dearly lov'd; the more they strove to hide  
 Their love, affection they the more descride.

*It lies beyond the power of art to smother  
Affection, where one virtue findes another.*

One was their thoughts, and their desires one,  
And yet both lov'd, unknown; belov'd, unknown:  
One was the Dart, that at the self-same time  
Was sent, that wounded her, that wounded him:  
Both hop'd, both fear'd alike, both joy'd, both griev'd;  
Yet, where they both could help, was none reliev'd:  
Two lov'd, and two beloved were, yet none  
But two in all, and yet that All but one,  
By this time had their barren lips betray'd  
Their timerous silence; now they had display'd  
Loves sanguine colours, whilest the winged Childe  
Sate in a tree, and clapt his hands and smil'd  
To see the combat of two wounded friends.  
He strikes and wounds himself, while she defends  
That would be wounded, for her pain proceeds,  
And flows from his, and from his wound she bleeds;  
She plays at him, and aiming at his breast  
Pierc'd her own heart: and when his hand addrest  
The blow to her fair bosom, there it found  
His own dear heart, and gave that heart the wound:  
At length both conquer'd, and yet both did yield,  
Both lost the day, and yet both won the field:  
And as the warfare of their tongues did cease,  
Their lips gave earnest of a joyful peace.

*But O the hideous chances that attend*

*A Lovers progress to his journeys end!*

*How many desp'rate rubs and dangers wait*

*Each minute on his miserable state!*

*His hopes do build what straight his fears destroy:*

*Sometimes he surfeits with excess of joy;*

*Sometimes despairing ere to finde relief,*

*He roars beneath the tyranny of grief;*

*And when loves current runs with greatest force,*

*Some obvious mischief still disturbs the course:*

*For lo, no sooner the discovered flame*

*Of these new-parted Lovers did proclame*

*Loves sacred jubilee, but the Virgins Mother*

*(The posture of whose visage did discover*

Some

Some serious matter, harb'ring in her breast)  
Enters the room : Half angry, half in jest,  
She thus began : *My dearest childe, this night,*  
*When as the silent darkness did invite*  
*Mine eyes to slumber, sundry thoughts possess*  
*My troubled minde, and robb'd me of my rest ;*  
*I slept not till the early bugle-born*  
*Of Chanticleere had summon'd in the morn*  
*T'attend the Light, and nurse the new-born Day :*  
*At last when Morpheus with his leaden key*  
*Had lock'd my senses, and enlarg'd the power*  
*Of my Heaven-guided fancy, for an hour*  
*I slumber'd ; and before my slumbring eyes,*  
*One and the self-same dream presented thrice,*  
*I wak'd ; and being frighted at the vision,*  
*Perceiv'd the gods had made an apparition.*  
*My dream was this ; Methought I saw thee sitting*  
*Drest like a princely Bride, with robes besitting*  
*The State of Majesty ; thy Nymph-like hair*  
*Loosly dishevel'd, and thy brows did bear*  
*A Cypress wreath ; and (thrice three moneths expir'd)*  
*Thy pregnant womb grew heavy, and requir'd*  
*Lucina's aid ; with that methought I saw*  
*A team of harness-Peacocks fiercely draw*  
*A fiery chariot from the sitting sky,*  
*Wherein there sate the glorious Majesty*  
*Of great Saturnia ; on whose train attended*  
*An host of goddesses ; Juno descended*  
*From out the flaming chariot, and blest*  
*Thy painful womb : thy pains a while increast,*  
*At length she laid her gentle palms upon*  
*Thy fruitful flank, and there was born a son ;*  
*She made thee mother of a smiling boy,*  
*And after blest thee with a mothers joy,*  
*She kiss the babe, whose fortune she foretold ;*  
*For on his head she set a Crown of Gold ;*  
*Forthwith, as if the Heavens had cloven in sunder,*  
*Methought I heard the horrid noise of thunder,*  
*The hail storm'd down, and yet the sky was clear,*  
*Some hail-stones that descended did appear*

*As Orient pearls, some like refined Gold,  
 Whercas the Goddess turn'd, and said, Behold,  
 Great Jove hath sent a gift ; go forth, and take't :  
 Thus having spoke she vanish, and I wake't.  
 I wake't, and waking trembled ; for I knew  
 They were not idle passages, that grew  
 From my distempered thoughts : 'twas not a vain  
 Delusion roaring from a troubled brain.  
 It was a vision, and the Gods forefate  
 Parthenia's fortune ; Gods cannot mistake.  
 I lik'd the dream, wherein the Heavens foretold  
 Thy joyful Marriage, and the shoure of Gold  
 Betokened wealth : The Infants golden Crown,  
 Ensuing honour ; Juno's coming down,  
 A safe deliverance : and the smiling Boy  
 Summ'd up the total of a mothers joy :  
 But what the wreath of Cyprus (that was set  
 Upon thy nuptial brows) presag'd as yet  
 The Gods keep from me : if that secret do  
 Portend an evil, Heaven keep it from thee too.  
 Advise Parthenia : seek not to withstand  
 The plot wherein the Gods vouchsafe a hand :  
 Submit thy will to theirs ; what they enjoyn  
 Must be ; nor lies it in my power or thine  
 To contradict : Endeavour to fulfill  
 What else must come to pass against thy will :  
 Now by the filial duty thou dost bear  
 The Gods and me, or if ought else more dear  
 Can force obedience, as thou hop'st to speed  
 At the gods hands, in greatest time of need ;  
 By Heaven, by Hell, by all the powers above  
 I here conjure Parthenia to remove  
 All fond conceits, that labour to disjoyn  
 What Heaven hath knit ; Demagoras heart and thine :  
 The Gods are faithful, and the'r wisdoms know  
 What's better for us mortals, than we do.  
 Doubt not (my childe) the Gods cannot deceive,  
 What Heaven does offer, fear not to receive  
 With thankful hands ; pass not so slightly over  
 The dear affections of so true a Lover.*

Pity his flames, relieve his tortur'd brest,  
 That findes abroad no joy, at home no rest :  
 But like a wounded Hart before the Hounds,  
 That flies with Cupid's Javelin in his wounds,  
 Stir up thy rak'd up embers of desire,  
 The Gods will bring in fewel, and blow the fire ;  
 Be gentle, let thy cordial smiles revive  
 His wasted spirits, that onely cares to live  
 To do thee honour : it was Cupid's will,  
 The Dart he sent should onely wound, not kill ;  
 Yield then, and let the engaged Gods pour down  
 Their promis'd blessings on thy head, and crown  
 Thy youth with joys, and maist thou after be  
 As blest in thine, as I am blest in thee.

So said : the fair *Parthenia*, to whose heart  
 Her fixt desires had taught the unwilling Art  
 Of disobedience, calls her judgment in,  
 And of two evils, determines it a sin  
 More venial, by a resolute denial,  
 To prove undutiful, then be disloyal  
 To him whose heart a sacred vow had ty'd  
 So fast to hers, and (weeping) thus reply'd,

Madam,  
 The angry Gods have late conspir'd to show  
 The utmost their enrag'd hands could do,  
 And having laid aside all mercy, stretch  
 Their power to make one miserable wretch ;  
 Whose curst and tortur'd soul must onely be  
 The subject of their wrath ; and I am sh<sup>t</sup>.  
 Hard is the case ! my dear desires must fail,  
 My vows must crack, my plighted faith be fail,  
 Or else affection must be so exil'd  
 A mothers heart, that she renounce her childe.

And as she spake that word, a flowing tide  
 Of tears gush't out, whose violence deny'd  
 The intended passage of her doubling tongue.  
 She stopt a while, then on the floor she flung  
 Her prostrate body, while her hands did tear  
 (Not knowing what they did) her dainty hair.

Sometimes she struck the ground, sometimes her breast;  
 Began some words, and then wept out the rest;  
 At last, her lifeless hands did by degrees  
 Raise her cast body on her feeble knees,  
 And humbly rearing her sad eyes upon  
 Her mothers frowning visage, thus went on;

Upon these knees, these knees that ne'r were bent  
 To you in vain; that never did present  
 Their unrewarded duty; never rose  
 Without a mothers blessing; upon those,  
 Upon those naked knees I recommend  
 To your dear thoughts those torments that attend  
 Your poor Parthenia, whose unknown distress  
 Craves rather death, than language to express.  
 What shall I do? Demagoras and death  
 Sound both alike to these sad wars; that breath  
 That names the one does nominate the other:.  
 No, no, I cannot love him, my dear mother.  
 Command Parthenia now to undergo  
 What death you please, and these quick hands shall show  
 The seal of my obedience in my heart;  
 The gods themselves, that have a secret art  
 To force affection, cannot violate  
 The Laws of Nature, nor the course of Fate:  
 Can earth forget her burden, and ascend?  
 Or can th'aspiring flames be taught to tend  
 To th'earth? If fire descend, and earth aspire,  
 Earth were no longer earth, nor fire fire:  
 Even so by nature, 'tis all one to me,  
 To love Demagoras, and not to be:  
 No, no, the Heavens can do no act that's greater,  
 Than (having made so) to preserve their creature;  
 And think you that the righteous Gods will fill me  
 With such false joys, as (if enjoy'd) would kill me?  
 I know that they are merciful; what they  
 Command, they give a power to obey:  
 The joyful Vision that your slumbring eyes  
 Of late beheld, did promise and comprise  
 A fairer fortune than the Heavens can share  
 The poor Parthenia's merit, whom despair

Hath swallow'd : Your prophetick dream describes  
 A royal marriage ; pointed out the Bride :  
 Her safe deliverance, and her smiling son,  
 Honour and wealth ; and after all was done,  
 There wants a Bridegroom ; him the Heavens have seal'd  
 Within my breast, by me to be reveal'd ;  
 Which if your patience shall vouchsafe to bear,  
 My lips shall recommend unto your ear.

When as Basilus (may whose royal hand  
 Long sway the Scepter of th' Arcadian Land)  
 From Cyprus brought his more than princely Bride,  
 The fair Gynecia, (whom as Greece denide  
 An equal ; so the world acknowledg'd none  
 As her superiour in perfection :)

Upon this Ladies royal train and state,  
 A great concourse of Nobles did await,  
 And Cyprian Princes with their princely port  
 To see her crown'd in the Arcadian Court :  
 Illustrious Princes were they but as far  
 As midnight Phebe out-shines a twinkling star,  
 So far, amongst this rout of Princes, one  
 Surpass'd the rest in honour and renown ;  
 Whose perfect virtue findes more admiration  
 In the Arcadian Court, than imitation :

In th' excellence of his outward parts and features,  
 The world conceives the curious hand of Nature  
 Out-went it self ; which being richly fraught  
 And furnish'd with transcendent worth is thought  
 To be the chosen fortress for protection  
 Of all the Arts, and store-house of perfection :  
 The Cyprus stock did ne'r till now bring forth  
 So rare a branch, whose undervalued worth  
 Brings greater glory to th' Arcadian Land  
 Than can the dull Arcadians understand :

His name is Argalus :

He (Madam) was that Cyprus wreath, that crown'd  
 My nuptial brows : and now the Bridegroom's found,  
 Cloth'd in the mystery of that Cyprus wreath ;  
 Which, since the better gods have pleas'd to breath  
 Into my soul, O may I cease to be,

If ought but death part Argalus and me :  
 Yet does my safe obedience nor withstand  
 What you desire, or what the Gods command :  
 For what the Gods command is your desire  
 Parthenia should obey, and not repine  
 Against their sacred counsels, or withstand  
 The plot wherein they have vouchsaf'd a hand.  
 We must submit our wills, that they enjoyn  
 Must be, nor lies it in your power or mine  
 To cross, we must endeavour to fulfill  
 What else must come to pass against our will :  
 My vows are pass, and second Heavens decree,  
 Nothing shall part my Argalus and me.

So said : th' impatient mothers kindled eye  
 (Half-closed with a murderous frown) let fly  
 A scorching Fire-ball, from whence was shed  
 Some drops of choler, sternly shakes her head ;  
 With trembling hands unlocks the door, and flies,  
 Leaving Parthenia on her aking knees :  
 And as she fled, her fury thus began  
 To open, *And is Argalus the man ?*  
 But there she stops, and striving to express  
 What rage had prompted, could do nothing less.

*All you whose dear affections have been tost*  
*In Cupid's blanket, and unjustly cross*  
*By wilful Parents, whose extreme command*  
*Have made you groan beneath their tyrannous hand,*  
*That take a furious pleasure to divorce*  
*Your souls from your best thoughts (nay, what is worse*  
*Than torture). force your fancies to respect*  
*And dearly love, whom most you disaffect ;*  
*Draw near, and comfort the distressed heart*  
*Of poor Parthenia, let your eyes impart*  
*One drop at least : and whoso'er thou be*  
*That readst these lines, may thy desires see*  
*The like success, if reading, thou forbear*  
*To wet this very Paper with a tear.*

Behold (poor Lady) how an hours time  
 Hath pluck'd her faded Roses from their prime.

Who



Who like an unregarded ruine lies,  
 With deaths untimely image in her eyes :  
 She, she, whom hopeful thoughts had newly crown'd  
 With promis'd joys, lies groveling on the ground ;  
 Her weary hand sustains her drooping head,  
 (Too soft a Pillow, for so hard a Bed)  
 Her eyes swoln up, as loth to see the light,  
 That would discover so forlorn a sight :  
 The flaxen-wealth of her neglected hairs  
 Stick fast to her pale cheek with dried tears ;  
 And at first blush, she seems, as if it were  
 Some curious statue on a Sepulchre .  
 Sometimes her briny lips would whisper thus,

*My Argalus, my dearest Argalus !*  
 And then they clos'd again, as if the one  
 Had kist the other for that service done,  
 In naming *Argalus* ; sometimes oppress'd  
 With a deep sigh, she gave her fainting breast  
 A sudden stroak, and after that another,  
 Crying, *Hard fortune, O hard-hearted Mother !*  
 And lick with her own thoughts, her passion strove  
 Betwixt the two extremes of Grief and Love ;  
 The more she griev'd, the more her love abounded :  
 The more she lov'd, the more her heart was wounded  
 With desprate grief ; at length the tyrannous force  
 Of Love and Grief sent forth this self-discourse.

*How art thou chang'd (Parthenia) how hath passion  
 Put all thy thoughts and senses out of fashion ?  
 Exil'd thy little judgment, and betray'd thee  
 To thine own self ? How nothing hath it made thee ?  
 How is thy weather-beaten soul oppress'd  
 With storms and tempests blown from the North-East  
 Of cold despair ? which long ere this had found  
 Eternal rest, had been overwhelm'd and drown'd  
 In the deep gulf of all my miseries,  
 Had I not pump'd this water from mine eyes :  
 My Argalus, O where, O where art thou ?  
 Thou little think'st thy poor Parthenia now  
 Is tortur'd for thy sake ; alas, (dear Hearts !)  
 Thou know'st not the insufferable smart.*

I undergo for thee ; thou dost not keep !

A Register of those sad tears I weep.

No, no, thou dost not.

Well, well ; from henceforth, Fortune, do not spare

To do the worst thy active mischief dare ;

Devise new torments, or repeat the old,

Until thou burst, or I complain : Be hold,

As bitter ; I disdain thy rage, thy power,

Who's level'd with the earth can fall no lower ;

Do, spit thy venom forth, and temper all

Thy studied actions with the spirit of gall :

Thy practise'd malice can no charm devise

Too sure for Argalus to exercise :

His love shall sweeten death, and make a torture

My sportful pastime, to make hours shorter :

His love shall fill my heart, and leave no room

Whereto your rage may practise Martyrdom.

But ere that word could usher out another,

The tender Virgins marble-hearted mother

Enters the chamber ; with a chang'd aspect

Beholds Parthenia, with a new respect

Salutes her childe, and (having clos'd the door)

Her helpful arm removes her from the floor

Whereon she lay, and being set together,

In gentle terms she thus did commune with her.

Perverse Parthenia, is thy heart so sworn

To Argalus his love, that it must scorn

Demagoras ? are your souls conjoyn'd so close

That my intreaty may not interpose ?

If so, what help ? yet let a mothers care

Be not condemn'd, that bids her childe beware.

The sickle that's too early cannot reap

A fruitful Harvest ; look before you leap.

Adjourn your thoughts, and make a wise delay ;

You cannot measure virtue in a day ;

Virtues appear, but vices bask the light ;

'Tis hard to read a vice at the first sight.

False are those joys that are not mixt with doubt,

Fire easily kindled will not easily out :

Divide that love which thou bestow'st on one,

'Twixt

Book I. *Argalus and Parthenia.*

'Twixt two; try both, then take the best or none:

Consult with time, for time betrays, discovers  
The faith, the love, the constancy of Lovers.

Alls done in haste by leasure are repented,  
And things soon past are oft too late repented.

With that, Parthenia rising from her place,

And bowing with incomparable grace,  
Made this reply: Madam, each several day

Since first you gave this body being, may

Write a large volume of your tender care,

Whose hourly goodness if it should compare

With my deserts, alas, the world would show

Too great a sum for one poor heart to owe.

I must confess my heart is not so sworn

To Argalus his merits, as to scorn

Demagoras; nor yet so looseflyttide,

That I can slip the knot, and so divide

Entire affection- which must not be sever'd,

Nor ever can be (but in vain) endeavour'd:

My heart is one, and by one power guided:

One is no number, cannot be divided:

And Cupid's learned Schoolmen have resolv'd

That love divided is but love dissolv'd:

But yet, what plighted faith and honour may

Not now undo, your counsel shall delay.

Madam, Parthenia's hand is not so greedy

To reap her corn, before her corn be ready:

Her unadvised Sickle shall not thrust

Into her hopeful Harvest ere needs must:

To yours Parthenia shall submit her skill,

Whose season shall be season'd by your will:

Her time of Harvest shall admit no measure,

But onely what's proportion'd by your pleasure.

So ended she; but till that darkness got

The mastery of the light they parted not:

The mother pleads for the Lacedaemon Lord;

The daughter (whose impatience had abhorr'd

His very name, had not her mother spok't)

She pleads her vow, which cannot be revok't:

Yet still the Mother pleads, and does omit  
 No way untry'd, that a hard-hearted wit  
 Knows to devise ; perswades, allures, intreats,  
 Mingles her words with smiles, her tears with threats,  
 Commands, conjures, tries one way, tries another,  
 Does th'utmost that a Marble-breasted Mother  
 Can do ; and yet the more she did apply,  
 The more she taught *Parthenia* to deny ;  
 The more she did assault, the more contend,  
 The more she taught the Virgin to defend.  
 At last, despairing (for her words did finde  
 More hopes to move a mountain than her minde)  
 She spake no more, but from her chair she started;  
 And spit these words, *Go peevish Girl*, and parted  
 Away she flings, and finding no success  
 In her lost words, her fury did address  
 Her raging thoughts to a new-studied plot :  
 Actions must now enforce what words could not ;  
 Treason is in her thoughts ; her furious breath  
 Can whisper now no language under death :  
 Poor *Argalus* must die, and his remove  
 Must make the passage to *Demagoras* love ;  
 And till that bar be broken, or put by,  
 No hope to speed, poor *Argalus* must die.  
*Demagoras* is call'd to counsel now,  
 Consults, consents, and after mutual vow,  
 Resolving on the act they both conspire  
 Which way to execute their close desire :  
 Drawing his keen Steeletto from his side,

*Madam*, (said he) *this medicine well applide*  
*To Argalus his bosome will give rest*  
*To him, and me ; the sudden way is best.*  
*My Lord*, your trembling hand (said she) may miss  
 The mark, and then your self in danger is  
 Of out-cry, or perchance his own resistance ;  
 Attempts are dangerous at so small a distance :  
 A Drug's the better weapon, which doth breath  
 Death's secret errand, carries sudden death  
 Glor'd up in sweetness : Come, a Drug strikes sure,  
 And works our ends, and yet we sleep secure.

My Lord, bethink no other : set your rest  
Upon these Cards, the surest way is best ;  
Leave me to manage our successful plot,  
And if these studious brows contrive it not  
Too sure for Art of Magick to prevent,  
Ne'r trust a womans wit when fully bent  
To take revenge : Be gone, my Lord, Repose  
The trust in me ; onely be wise, be close.

That night, when as the universal shade  
Of the unspangled Heaven and Earth had made  
An utter darkness (darkness apt to further  
The horrid enterprise of rapes and murder)  
She, she, that now lacks nothing to procure  
A full revenge, she calls *Athleia* to her,  
(*Parthenias* Handmaid) whom she thus bespake :

*Athleia*, dare thy private thoughts partake  
With mine ? Canst thou be secret ? Has thy heart  
A Lock that none can pick by thievish art,  
Or break ly for e ? tell me, canst thou digest  
A secret trusted to thy faithful breast ?

Madam, (said she) Let me be never true  
To mine own thoughts, if ever false to you :  
Speak what you please ; *Athleia* shall conceal ;  
Torments may make me roar, but ne'r reveal.

Reply'd the Lady then ; *Athleia* knows  
How much, how much my dear affliction owes  
*Parthenias* heart, whose welfare is the Crown  
Of all my joys which now is overthrown,  
And deeply buried in forgotten dust,  
If thou betray the secret of my trust ;  
It lieth in thy power to remove  
Approaching evils ; *Parthenia* is in love,  
Her wasted spirits languish in her breast,  
And nought, but look'd for death, can give her rest.  
'Tis *Argalus* she loves, who with disdain  
Requites her love, not loving her again ;  
He slights her tears ; the more that he neglects,  
The more intirely she (poor Soul) affects :  
She groans beneath the burden of despair,  
And with her sighs she cloyes the idle air :

Thou art acquainted with her private fears,  
 And you, so oft exchanging tongues and tears,  
 Must know too much for one poor heart to endure;  
 But desperate's the wound admits no cure:  
 It lies in thee to help. Athleia, say,  
 Wilt thou assist me, if I finde the way?

Madam, my forced ignorance shall be  
 Sufficient earnest for my secrecy:  
 Your lips have utter'd nothing that is new  
 To Athleia's ears; alas, it is too true:  
 Long, long ere this your servant had reveal'd  
 The same to you, had not these lips been seal'd:  
 But if my best endeavours may extend  
 To bring my Ladies sorrows to an end:  
 Let all the enraged Deities allot  
 To me worse torments, if I do it not;  
 My life's too poor to hazard for her ease:  
 Madam, Ile do't, Command me what you please:  
 So said, the treacherous Lady slept aside,  
 Into her serious Closet, and apply'd  
 Her hasty and perfidious hands to frame  
 This forged Letter, in Parthenia's name.

To her faithful Argalus.

Altho' the malice of a mother  
 Does yet enforce my tongue to smother  
 What my desire is should flame;  
 Yet Parthenia's the same.  
 Although my fire be hid a while;  
 'Tis but fire stak'd with oyl;  
 Before seven Suns shall rise and fall,  
 It shall burn and blaze withall.  
 What I send thee drink with speed,  
 Else let my Argalus take heed;  
 Unless thy providence withstand,  
 There is treason near at hand:  
 Drink as thou lov'st me, and it shall secure thee  
 From future dangers, or from past recure thee.  
 Thy constant Parthenia.

This

This done, and seal'd, she op'd her private door,  
Call'd in Athleia, and said, For every sore  
The gods provide a salve; force must prevail  
Where sighs, and tears, and deep intreaties fail.  
Forthwith from out her Cabinet she took  
A little Glass, and said, Athleia, Look  
Within these slender walls, these glazed lists,  
Partheniaes happiness and life consists;  
It is Nepenthe, which the fâtionous gods  
Do use to drink, when ere they be at odds;  
Whose secret virtue (so infus'd by Jove)  
Does turn deep hatred into dearest love;  
It makes the proudest Lover whine and bawl,  
And such to dote or never lov'd at all:  
Here take this glass, and recommend the same  
To Argalus in his Partheniaes name;  
And to his hand, to his own hand commit  
This Letter between Argalus and it.

Let no eye come, be sure thy speed prevent  
The rising Sun; and so Heavens crown thy evant.

By this the feather'd Belman of the night  
Sent forth his mid-night summons, to invite  
All eyes to slumber, when they both addrest  
Their thoughtful mindes to take a doubtful rest.

O Heavens! and you, O you celestial Powers,  
That never slumber, but imploy all hours  
In mans protection, still preserving, keeping  
Our souls from obvious dangers, waking, sleeping.  
O, can your all-discerning eyes behold  
Such impious actions prosper uncontrol'd!  
O can your hearts, your tender hearts endure  
To see your Servant (that now sleeps secure,  
Unarm'd, unwarn'd, and having no defence,  
But your protection, and his innocence)  
Betray'd and murder'd, drawing at one breath  
His own prepar'd destruction, his own death?  
And will ye suffer't? He that is the crown  
Of priz'd virtue, honour and renown;  
The flower of Arts, the Cyprian living story,  
Arcadiaes garland, and great Greeces glory,

The earib; new wonder, and the worlds example  
 Must die betray'd ; treason and death must trample  
 Upon his life : and in the dust must lie  
 As much admir'd perfection as can die.  
 No, Argalus, the coward hand of death  
 Durst ne'r assault thee, if not underneath  
 The mask of love ; thou art above the reach  
 Of opens wrongs ; mans force could ne'r make breach  
 Into thy life : no, Death could ne'r uncase  
 Thy soul, had she appeared face to face.  
 Dream Argalus, and let thy thoughts be troubled  
 With murders, treasons, let thy dreams be doubled :  
 And what thy frighted fancy shall perceive,  
 Be wisely superstitious, and believe.

O, that my lines could wake thee now, and sever  
 Those eye-lids that ere long must sleep for ever :  
 Wake now or never Argalus, and withstand  
 Thy danger : wake, the murderess is at hand.  
 Parthenia, O Parthenia, who shall weep  
 Thy world of tears ? canst thou, O canst thou sleep ?  
 Will thy dull Genius give thee leave to slumber ?  
 Does nothing trouble thee ? no dream incumber  
 Thy frighted thoughts, and Argalus so near  
 His latest hour ? Not one dreaming tear ?  
 Sleep on, and when thy flattering slumber's past,  
 Perchance thine eyes will learn to weep as fast.  
 His death is plotted, and this morning-light  
 Must send him down into eternal night ;  
 Nay, what is worse than worst, his dying breath  
 Will censure thee as Agent in his death.

By this the broad-fac'd Chorister of night  
 Surceas'd her screeching note, and took her flight  
 To the next neighbouring Ivy : birds and beasts  
 Forsake the warm protection of their nests,  
 And nightly dens, whilest darkness did display  
 Her sable curtains to let in the day ;  
 When sad Athleia's dream had unbenighted  
 Her slumbring eyes, her busie thoughts were frighted,  
 She rose, and trembled, and being half-distraught  
 With her prophetick fears, she thus bethought.

What



What ails the Gods thus to disturb my rest,  
And make such earthquakes in my troubled breast?  
Nothing but deaths, and murders? Graves and Bells,  
Frighting my fancy, with their hourly knells?  
'Twas nothing but a dream; and dreams they say,  
Expound themselves the clear contrary way:  
The riddles read, and now I understand  
My dreams intents: Some marriage is at hand  
For death interpreted is nothing else  
But Marriage, and the melancholy Bells  
Is mirth and musick: By the Grave is read  
The joyful, joyful, joyful Marriage-bed.  
Is it plain; and now, methinks 'twas I  
That my prophesick dream foretold should die:  
If this be death, Death exercise thy power,  
And let Athleia die within this hour:  
Do, do thy worst, Athleia's faithful breath  
Shall pray for nothing more than sudden death.  
But stay, Athleia, the too forward day  
Begins to gild the East; Away, away.

So having said, the nimble-fingered Lass  
Took the forg'd Letter, and the amorous glass:  
And to her early progress she applies her;  
Departs, and towards *Argalus* she hies her;  
But every step she took, her minde enforc'd  
New thoughts, and with her self she thus discours'd:

How frail's the nature of a womans will!  
How cross! the thing that's most forbidden still  
They more desire; and least inclin'd to do  
What they are most of all perswaded to:  
Had not (alas) my Lady bound these hands,  
Athleia ne'r had struggled with her bands:  
I must not taste it! had she not enjoyn'd  
My lips from tasting it, Athleia's minde  
Had never thought on't: now methinks I long  
Desires, if once confin'd, become too strong  
For womans conquer'd reason to resist:  
A womans reason's measur'd by her list:  
I long to taste, yet was there nothing did  
Move my desire, but that I was forbid.

With

With that she staid her weary steps, and hasted  
 T'untysthe Glass; lift up her arm, and tasted,  
 That done (and having now attain'd, almost,  
 Her journeys end) the little time she lost  
 New speed regains, the nimble ground she traces  
 With double haste and quick redoubled paces.  
 And on a sudden she begins to faint;  
 Her bowels gripe, her breath begins to taint;  
 Her blistered tongue grows hot, her liver gloes,  
 Her veins do boil, her colour comes and goes,  
 She staggers, falls, and on the ground she lies:  
 Swells like a bladder, roars, and bursts, and dies.

Thus from her ruine *Argalm* derives  
 His longer life, and by her death he lives;  
 Live *Argalm*, and let the gods allot  
 Such morning-draughts to those that love thee not.  
 Live long, and let the righteous powers above,  
 That have preserv'd thee for *Partheniaes* love,  
 Crown all thy hopes and fortunes with event  
 Too sure, for second treasons to prevent.  
 By this time did the lavish breath of Fame  
 Give language to her Trumpet, and proclame  
*Ableiaes* death, the current of which news  
 Truths warrant had forbidden to abuse  
 Deceived ears: which when the Lady heard,  
 Whose treacherous heart was greedily prepar'd  
 To entertain a murder, she arose  
 And with rude violence desperately throws  
 Her trembling body on the naked floor;  
 But what she said and did, I will deplore,  
 Not utter; but with forced silence smother,  
 Because she was the fair *Partheniaes* mother:  
 May it suffice, that the extremes of shame,  
 And unresisted sorrow overcame  
 Her disappointed malice, less lamenting  
 The treason, than success; and more repenting  
 Of what she fail'd to do, than what she did,  
 Her sullen soul despairs; her thoughts forbid  
 What reason wants the power to perswade;  
 And griefs being grown too deep for her to wade,

She

She sinks, and with an hollow sigh she cry'd,  
*Welcome thou easer of all evils, and di'd.*

Now tongues begin to walk, and every ear  
Hath got the *Satyras* to hear  
This Tragick Scene; the breath of *Fame* grows bold  
Fears no repulse, and scorns to be control'd:  
Whilest loud report, (whose tender lips before,  
Durst onely whisper, now begins to roar.)  
The Letter found in dead *Arbleias* breast!  
Bewray'd the plot, and what (before) was guest  
Is now confirm'd and clear'd; for all men knew  
Whose hand it was, and whence the malice grew.

*But have we lost Parthenia? in what Isle  
Of endless sorrow lurks she all this while?  
Sweet Reader, urge me not to tell, for fear  
Thy heart dissolve, and melt into a tear:  
Excuse my silence: if my Lines should speak,  
Such marble hearts, as could not melt, would break.  
No, leave her to her self, it is not fit  
To write, what being read, you'd wish unwrit:  
I leave this task to those that take delight  
To see poor Ladies tortur'd in despite  
Of all remorse, whose hearts are still at strife  
To paint a torment to the very life:  
I leave that task to such as have the pow'r  
To weep and smile again within an hour:  
To those whose flinty hearts are more consented  
To limn a grief, than pity the tormented:  
Let it suffice, that had not Heaven protected  
Her Argalus, the joy whereof corrected  
That furious grief, which passion recommended  
To her sad thoughts, her story here had ended.  
When time (the enemy of Fame) had clos'd  
Her babbling lips, and gently had compos'd  
Parthenias sorrows, raising from the ground  
Her body spent with grief, and almost drown'd  
In her own tears, a long expected Seán  
Of better fortune enters in, to dress  
Her marish eyes: her stormy night of tears  
Being past, a welcome day of joy appears,*

The rook's remov'd, and loves wide Ocean now  
Gives room enough; looks with a milder brow.  
Reader, forget thy sorrows; Let thine ear  
Welcome the tidings thou so long'st to hear:

A Lovers diet's sweet commixt with soure;  
His Hell and Heav'n oft times divide an hour:

Now *Argalus* can finde a fair access  
To his *Parthenia*: now fears nothing less  
Than ears and eyes; and now *Parthenia's* heart  
Can give her tongue the freedom to impart  
His louder welcome, whilst her greedy eye  
Can look her fill, and fear no standers by:  
She's not *Parthenia*, he not present with her;  
And he not *Argalus*, if not together: (chat:  
Their cheeks are fill'd with smiles, their tongues with  
Now, this they make their subject, and now that;  
One while they laugh, and laughing wrangle too,  
And jar as zealous Lovers use to do.

And then a kifs must make them friends again:  
Faith, one's too little, Lovers must have twain,  
Two brings in ten, ten multiplies to twenty,  
That, to a hundred; then because the plenty  
Grows troublesome to count, and does incumber  
Their lips, their lips gave kisses without number:  
Their thoughts run back to former times they told  
Of all loves passages they had of old,  
Of this thing done, the time, the place, and why,  
The manner how, and who were present by:

The mothers craft, her undeceiv'd suspicion,  
Her baited words, her marble disposition;  
His pining thoughts, and her projecting fears;  
His soliloquies, and her secret tears;

Where first they met, the occasion of their meeting,  
Their complement, the manner of their greeting;  
His danger, his deliverance, and the reason  
That first induc'd the Agents to the treason.

Thus by the privilege of time and leisure (sure  
Their sweet discourses (crown'd with mutual plea-  
Commixt with grief) they equal with the light,

And after grumble at the envious night,

Which

Which bids them part too soon : what day deny'd  
In words, in thoughts, the tedious night supply'd,  
Which blam'd the *Fates* for doing Lovers wrong,  
To make the day so short, the night so long.

But now the little winged god repented  
That he had laugh'd so much, his heart relented,  
His very soul grew sad, his blinded eye  
Began to weep at his own tyranny ;  
Laments their sorrows, finds a secret way,  
To make the night as pleasing as the day ;  
Calls *Hymen* in, and in his ear discovers  
The lingering torments of these wounded Lovers ;  
Gives him a charge no longer to deter,  
T'ingross their names within his Register.  
And now *Parthenia's* harvest draweth near ;  
(The dearly purchas'd price of many a tear)  
Her joy shall reap, what a world of grief hath sown :  
The time's appointed, and the day's set down,  
Wherein sweet *Hymen* with his Nuptial bands  
Shall joyn together their espoused hands.

Here stop my Muse : retire thy self and stay,  
To gather breath against the *Marriage-day*.

*Readers, the joyful Bride salutes ye all ;  
In her behalf, if any have let fall  
A tender tear, to those she makes request,  
That they'l be pleas'd to grace her Marriage Feast.*

---

*Argalm*





## Argalus and Parthenia.

### *The Second Book,*

Sail gentle Pinace : Now the Heavens are clear,  
The windes blow fair ; behold the Harbor's near,  
Tridented Neptune hath forgot to frown,  
The Rocks are past, the Storm is overblown.

Up weather-beaten voyagers, and rouze ye,  
Forsake your loathed Cabbins, up and louze ye  
Upon the open Decks, and smell the Land :  
Chear up, the welcome shore is near at hand.  
Sail gentle Pinace with a prosperous gale  
To th' Isle of Peace. Sail gentle Pinace, sail ;  
Fortune conduct thee : Let thy Keel divide  
The silver streams, that thou maist safely slide  
Into the bosome of thy quiet Key,  
And quit thee fairly of th'injurious Sea.

Great Sea-born Queen, thy birth-right gives thee power  
T'assist poor Suppliants, grant one happy hour :  
O, let these wounded Lovers be possess'd  
At length of their so long desired rest.

Now, now the joyful marriage-day draws on,  
The Bride is busie, and the Bridegroom's gone  
To call his fellow Princes to the Feast ;  
The Garland's made, the Bridal Chamber's drest ;  
The Muses have consulted with the Graces,  
To crown the day, and honour their embraces

With shadow'd *Epithalms* ; their warbling tongues  
 Are perfect in their new-made *Lyrick* songs :  
*Hymen* begins to grumble at delay,  
 And *Bacchus* laughs to think upon the day !  
 The Virgin. tapers, and what other rights  
 Do appertain to nuptial delights,  
 Are all prepar'd, whereby may be exprest  
 The joyful triumph of this Marriage-feast.

But stay ! Who lends me now an Iron Pen,  
 To engrave within the Marble-hearts of men  
 A Tragick Scene ; which whoso'ere shall read,  
 His eyes may spare to weep, and learn to bleed  
 Carnation tears, if time shall not allow  
 His death-prevented eyes to weep enow,  
 Then let his dying language recommend  
 What's left to his posterity to end.

Thou saddest of all *Muses*, come, afford  
 Thy studious help, that each confounding word  
 May rend a heart (at least) that every line  
 May pickle up a Kingdom in the brine  
 Of her own tears : O teach me how t'extract  
 The spirit of grief, whose virtue may distract  
 Those breasts, which sorrow know not how to kill ;  
 Inspire, O inspire my melting Quill ;  
 And like sad *Niobe*, let every one  
 That cannot melt, be turn'd into a stone :  
 Teach me to paint an oft-repeated sigh  
 So to the life, that whoso'ere be nigh,  
 May hear it breath, and learn to do the like  
 By imitation, till true passion strike  
 Their bleeding hearts : Let such as shall rehearse  
 This story howl like *Irish* at a hearse.

Th'event still crowns the act : Let no man say  
 Before the evening's come, 'tis a fair day.

For when the *Kalends* of this bridal Feast  
 Were entred in, and every longing breast  
 Waxt great with expectation, and all eyes  
 (Prepar'd for entertaining novelties)  
 Were grown impatient now, to be suffic'd  
 With that which *Art* and *Honour* had devis'd

T'adorn



T'adorn the times withall, and to display  
Their bounty, and the glory of that day ;  
The rare *Parthenia* taking sweet occasion  
To bleſs her buſie thoughts with contemplation  
Of abſent *Argalus*, whoſe too long ſtay  
Made minutes ſeem as days, and every day  
A meſur'd age : into her ſecret bower  
Betook her weary ſteps, where every hour  
Her greedy ears expect to hear the ſum  
Of all her hopes, that *Argalus* is come.  
She hopes, ſhe fears at once, and ſtill ſhe muſes  
What makes him ſtay ſo long, ſhe chides, excuſes.  
She queſtions, answers, and ſhe makes reply,  
And talks, as if her *Argalus* were by,  
*Why com'ſt thou not ? Can Argalus forget*  
*His languiſhing Parthenia ? What not yet ?*  
But as ſhe ſpoke that word, ſhe heard a noiſe,  
Which ſeem'd, as if it were the whiſp'ring voice  
Of cloſe conſpiracy : ſhe began to fear  
She knew not what, till her deceived ear  
(Inſtructed by her hopes) had ſingled out  
The voice of *Argalus* from all the rout ;  
Whoſe ſteps (as ſhe ſuppoſed) did prepare  
By ſtealth to ſeiſe upon her unaware ;  
She gave advantage to the thriving plot,  
Hearing the noiſe, as if ſhe heard it not :  
Like as young Doves, (which ne're had yet forſaken  
The warm protection of their neſt, or taken  
Upon themſelves, a ſelf-providing care,  
To ſhift for food, but with paternal fare  
Grow fat and plump) think every noiſe they hear,  
Their full-cropt parents are at hand to chear  
Their craving ſtomacks, whileſt th'impatient ſiſt  
Of the falſe Cater, riſing where it liſt,  
In every hole ſurpriſes them, and ſheds  
Their guiltleſs bloud, and parts their gasping heads  
From their vain ſtrugling bodies ; ſo, even ſo,  
Our poor deceiv'd *Parthenia* (that did ow  
Too much to her own hopes) the whileſt their eyes  
Were ſet to welcome the unvalued prize

Of all her joys, her dearest Argalus,  
 Stept in Demagoras, and salutes her thus,  
 Base Trull, Demagoras comes to let thee see  
 How much he j'orns thy painted face and thee;  
 Foul Sorcerers! could thy prosperous actions think  
 To scape revenge, because the gods did wink  
 At thy design? Think'st thou thy mothers blood  
 Gries in a language not to be understood?  
 Hadst thou no closer stratagem to further  
 Thy pamp'rd lust but by the savage murder  
 Of thine own aged parent, whose sad death  
 Must give a freedom to the whispering breath  
 Of thy enjoy'd Adulterer? Who (they say)  
 Will cloak thy whoredom with a marriage-day.  
 Nay struggle not, here's none that can relieve  
 Such pounded beasts; it is in vain to strive,  
 Or roar for help: Why dost not rather weep  
 That I may laugh? Perchance if thou wilt creep  
 Upon thy wanton belly and confess  
 Thy self a true repentant Murderess,  
 My sinful Page may play the fool, and gather  
 Thy early fruit into his barn, and father  
 The new-got Cyprian bastard, if that he  
 Be half so wise that got it but to flee.  
 Hah! dost thou weep? or do false mists but mock  
 Abused eyes? from so obdure a yock  
 Can water flow? Weeping will make thee fair;  
 Weep till thy marriage-day, that who repair  
 To grace thy feast, may fall a weeping too,  
 And in a mirror, see what tears can do.  
 Vile Strumpet! Did thy flattering thoughts ere wrong  
 Thy judgment so, to think Demagoras tongue  
 Could so defile his honour as to sue  
 For serious love? so base a thing as you  
 (Methinks) should rather fix your wanton eyes  
 Upon some easie groom, that hopes to rise  
 Into his Masters favour for your sake.  
 I, this had been preferment, like to make  
 A hopeful fortune! thou presumptuous trash!  
 What was my courtship, but the minutes dash

*Of youthful passion to allay the dust  
Of my desires, and exuberant lust?  
I scorn thee to the soul, and here I stand  
Bound for revenge, whereto I set my hand.*

*With that, he grip'd her rudely by the fair  
And bounteous treasure of her Nymph-like hair:  
And by it drag'd her on the dusty floor:  
He stop't her mouth, for fear she should implore  
An aid from Heaven: she swooning in the place,  
His salvage hands besneer'd her lifeless face  
With horrid poison, thinking she was dead,  
He left her breathless, and away he fled.*

*Come, come ye Furies, you malignant spirits,  
Infernal Harpies, or what else inherits  
The Land of Darknes, you that still converse  
With damned Souls, you, you that can rehearse  
The horrid facts of Villains, and can tell  
How every Hell-hound looks, that roars in Hell,  
Survey them all, and then inform my Pen,  
To draw in one the Monster of all men:  
Teach me to limn a Villain, and to paint  
With dextrous art the basest Sycophant  
That ere the mouth of insolent disdain  
Vouchsaf'd to spit upon: the putrid blain  
Of all diseased humours, fit for none  
But Dogs to lift their lassy legs upon:  
So clear mens eyes, that whosoere shall see  
The type of baseness, may cry, This is he:  
Let his reproach be a perpetual blot  
Inn honours book: Let his remembrance rot  
In all good mindes: Let none but Villains call  
His bag-bear name to memory, wherewithall  
To fright their bawling bastards: Let no Spell  
Be found more potent to prevail in Hell,  
Than the nine Letters of his Charm-like name:  
Which let our bashful Christs cross row dislame  
To the worlds end, not worthy to be writ  
In any but the Jewish Alphabet.*

*But heark! Am I deceiv'd, or do I hear  
The voice of Argalus sounding in mine ear?*

He calls *Parthenia* : No, that tongue can be  
 No counterfeit ; he's come, 'tis he, 'tis he.  
 Welcome too late, thou art now come too soon :  
 Hadst thou been here, this deed had ne're been done.  
 Alas ! when Lovers linger, and out-go  
 Their promis'd date, they know not what they do.  
 Men fondly say, that women are too fond  
 At parting, to require so strict a bond  
 For quick return : Poor Souls ! 'tis they endure  
 Oft times the danger of the forfeiture.  
 I blame them not ; for mischief still attends  
 Upon the too long absence of true friends.

Well, *Argalus* is come, and seeks about  
 In every room to finde *Parthenia* out.  
 He asks, inquires, but all lips are sparing  
 To be the authours of ill new, not daring  
 To speak the truth ; they all amazed stand :  
 And now my Lord's as fearful to demand ;  
 Dares not inquire her health, lest his sad ear  
 Should hear such words as he's afraid to hear :  
 All lips are bolted with a linnen bar,  
 And every eye does, like a blazing star,  
 Portend some evil ; no language findes a leak ;  
 The less they speak, the more he fears to speak,  
 Faces grow sad, and every private ear  
 Is turn'd a Closet for the whisperer :  
 He walks the room ; and like an unknown stranger,  
 They eye him ; from each eye he picks a danger.  
 At last his lips not daring t'importune  
 What none dares tell him, unexpected Fortune  
 Leads his rash steps into a dark'ned room,  
 A place more black than night ; no sooner come,  
 But he was welcom'd with a sigh as deep,  
 As a spent heart can give, he heard one weep  
 And by the noise of groans and sobs was led  
 (Having no other guide) to the sad bed.

*Who is't* (said he) *that calls untimely night*  
*To hide those griefs that thus abjure the light ?*  
 With that, as if her heart had rent in two,  
 She past a sigh, and said, *O ask not whos :*

Urge

*Urge not my tongue to make a forc'd reply  
To your demand ! Alas, it is not I ! )*

*Not I, (said he) what language do I hear ?*

*Darkness may stop mine eye, but not mine ear :*

*It is my dear Parthenia's voice, ah me !*

*And can Parthenia not Parthenia be ?*

*What means this word, (Alas ! it is not I)*

*What sudden ill hath taught thee to deny*

*Thy self ? or what can Argalus then clame,*

*If his Parthenia be not the same*

*She was ? Alas, it seems to me all one*

*To say, Thou art not hers, that's not her own.*

*Can Hills forget their pond'rous bulk, and fly*

*Like wandring Atoms in the empty sky ?*

*Or can the Heavens (grown idle) not fulfill*

*Their certain revolutions, but stand still,*

*And leave their constant motion for the winde*

*T'inherit ? Can Parthenia change her minde ?*

*Heav'n sooner shall stand still, and Earth remove,*

*Ere my Parthenia falsifie her love :*

*Unfold thy Riddle then, and tell me why*

*Those lips should say, (Alas ! it is not I)*

*Whereto she thus reply'd, O do not thou*

*So wrong thy noble thoughts, as once I allow,*

*That cursed name a room within thy breast,*

*Let not so foul a prodigy be blest*

*With thy left breath : Let it be held a sin*

*Too great for pardon ere to name agen :*

*Let darkness hide it in eternal night,*

*May it be clad with horror to affright*

*A desprate conscience : He that knows not how*

*To mouth a curse, O let him practise now*

*Upon this name : Let him that would contract*

*The body of all mischief, or extract*

*The quint'essence of a sorrow, onely clame*

*A secret priviledge to use that name.*

*Far be it from thy language to commit*

*So foul a sin, as once to mention it.*

*Live happy Argalus ; do not thou partake*

*In these my miseries : O forbear to make*

My burden greater, by the tender sorrow :  
 Alas, my heart is strong, and needs not borrow  
 Thy needle's help. O be thou not so cruel,  
 To feed my flaming fires with thy fuel :  
 Why dost thou sigh ? O wherefore should thy heart  
 Usurp my Stage, and all Partheniaes part ?  
 It is my proper task : What dost thou mean,  
 Without my licence to intrude my Scene :  
 Alas ! thy sorrows ease not my distress ;  
 God knows I weep not one poor tear the less :  
 My Patent's sign'd and pass'd, whereby appears  
 That I have got the Monopoly of tears.  
 In me let each mans torment finde an end ;  
 I am that Sea to which all Rivers tend :  
 Let all spent mourners that can weep no more,  
 Take tears on trust, and set them on my score.

And as she spake that word, his heart not able  
 To hear a language so unsufferable,  
 But being swoln so big, must either break  
 Or vent, his conquer'd Reason grew too weak  
 To oppose his quickned Passion (like a man  
 Transported from himself) he thus began.

Accursed Darknes ! Thou sad Type of Death !  
 Infernal Hag, whose dwelling is beneath !  
 What means this boldnes to usurp this room,  
 And force at night, before the night be come :  
 Get, get thee down, and keep within the lists ;  
 Go revel there, and hurl thy hideous mists  
 Before those curs'd eyes that take delight  
 In utter darknes, and abhor the light ;  
 Return thee to thy Dungeon, whence thou came,  
 And hide those faces, whose infernal flame  
 Calls for more darknes, and whose tortur'd souls  
 Crave the protection of th' obscurest holes,  
 To scape some lashes, and avoid these strict  
 And horrid plagues the Furies do inflict :  
 But if thou needs must ramble here, above ;  
 Go to some other Climate, and remove  
 Thy ugly presence from our darkned eyes,  
 That hate thy tyranny : Go exercise

Thy power in Groves and solitary Springs,  
Where Bats are Subjects, and where Owls are Kings :  
Go to the Graves and fill those empty rooms,  
That such as slumber in their silent tombs  
May bleſt their welcome ſhades, and by poſſeſſ  
Of undiſturbed and eternal reſt :  
Or if thy more ambitious fogs deſire  
To haunt the living, haſte thee, and retire  
Into ſome Gloiſter, and there ſtand betwixt  
The light and thoſe that fain would ſin unſeen ;  
Aſſiſt them there ; and let thy ugly ſhapes  
Count'nance cloſe treaſons and ineſtimate rapes :  
Benight thoſe rooms ; and aid all ſuch as fear  
The eye of Heaven : Go, cloſe thy curtains there,  
We need thee not, (foul Witch) away, away ;  
Thou hid'ſt more beauty than the noon of day  
Can give : O thou that haſt ſo rudely kurl'd  
On this dark bed the glory of the world.

So ſaid, abruptly he the room departs,  
His cheeks look pale, his curled hair upſtarts  
Like quills of Porcupines, and from his eye  
Quick ſaſhes like the flames of lightning fly ;  
He calls for light ; the light's no ſooner come,  
But his own hand conveys it to the room  
From whence he came, and as he entred in  
He bleſt himſelf, he bleſt himſelf agen,  
Thrice did he bleſs himſelf, and after ſaid,

Foul Witch be gone, and let thy diſmal ſhade  
Forſake this place : Let thy dark fogs obey  
Great Vulcan's charge ; in Vulcan's name, away :  
Or if thy ſtout rebellion ſhall diſſolame  
His ſovereignty, in my Partheniaes name  
I charme thee hence. And as that word flew out,  
He ſtept to that ſad Bed, where round about  
Clos'd were the curtains, as if darkneſs did  
Command that ſuch a Jewel ſhould be hid :  
His left hand held the Taper, and his right  
Enforc'd the curtains, to abſolve the light :  
Which done, appear'd before his wondring eye.  
The trueſt portrait of deformity,

As ere the Sun beheld ; that lovely face  
 That was of late the model of all grace  
 And peerless beauty, whose imperious eyes  
 Ravish'd where ere they look'd, and did surprize  
 The very souls of men ; she, she, of whom  
 Nature her self was proud, is now become  
 So loath'd an object, so deform'd, disguis'd,  
 As darkness, for mans sake, was well advis'd  
 To cloath in mists, lest any were incited  
 To see that face, and so depart affrighted.  
 All this when *Argalm* beheld, and found  
 It was no dream, he fell upon the ground,  
 And rav'd, and rose again, stood still, and gaz'd :  
 At first he startied, then he stood amaz'd :  
 Looks now upon the light, and now on her,  
 One while his tired fancy does refer  
 His thoughts to silence ; as his thoughts increase  
 His passion strives for vent, and breaks that peace  
 Which conquer'd Reason had of late concluded,  
 And thus began : *Are these false eyes deluded ?  
 Or have enchanted mists stept in between  
 My abused eyes, and what mine eyes have seen ?  
 No, mischief cannot act so fair a part,  
 T'affright in jest ; it goes beyond the art  
 Of all black books, to mask with such disguise  
 So sweet a face ; I know that these are eyes,  
 And this a light- False mists could never be !  
 Betwixt my poor Parthenia and me.*

*Accursed Taper ! What infernal spright  
 Breath'd in thy face ? What fury gave thee light ?  
 Thou Imp of Phlegeton: who let thee in  
 To force a day before the day begin ?  
 Who brought thee hither ? I ? Did I ? From whom,  
 What lean-chapt fury did I snatch thee from ?  
 When as this cursed hand did go about  
 To bring thee in, why went not these eyes out ?  
 Be all such Tapers cursed for thy sake ;  
 Ne're shine but at some Vigil or sad Wake ?  
 Be never seen but when as sorrow calls  
 Thy needful help to nightly Funerals.*



Be as a May-game for the amazed Bat  
To sport about, and Owls to wonder at,  
Still haunt the Chancels at a mid-night knell,  
To fright the Sexton from the Passing-bell.  
Give light to none but treasons, and be hid  
In their dark Lanthorns: Let all mirth forbid  
Thy treacherous flames the room, and if that none  
Shall daign to put thee out, go out alone.

Attend some Misers table and then waste  
Too soon, that he may curse thee for thy haste,  
Burn dim for ever: Let that stitt'ring light  
Thou feed'st consume thy stock, be banisht quite  
From Cupid's Court, when Lovers go about  
Their stolen pleasures, let your flames go out:  
Henceforth be useful to no other end,  
But onely to burn day-light, or attend  
The mid-night cups of such as shall resign  
With usury their undigested wine.

Why dost thou burn so clear? Alas! these eyes  
Discern too much, thy wanton blaze doth rise  
Too high a pitch, thou burn'st too bright for such  
As see no comfort. O thou spin'st too much:  
Why dost thou vex me? Is thy flame so stout  
To endure my breath? this breath shall puff thee out:  
Thus, thus my joys are quite extinguish'd, never  
To be reviv'd: thus gone, thus gone for ever.

With that, transported with a furious haste,  
He blew it out, but mark, that very blast  
(As if it meant on purpose to disclame  
His desp'rate thoughts) reviv'd th'extinguish'd flames.  
He stands amaz'd, and having mus'd awhile,  
Beholds the Taper, and begins to smile.

And can the Gods themselves (said he) contrive  
A way for hope? Can my past joys revive,  
Like this re-kindled fire? If they do,  
He curse my lips (bright Lamp) for cursing you:  
Eternal Fates; deal fairly, dally not;  
If your hid bounties have reserv'd a lot  
Beyond my wained hope, be it express'd  
In open view, make haste, and do your best:

But if you, Justice be determin'd so  
To exercise your vengeance on my woe,  
Strengthen not what at length you mean to burst,  
Strike home betimes, dispatch and do your worst :  
That burden is too great for him to bear,  
That's evenly poised betwixt Hope and Fear.

And there he stopt, as fearing to molest  
The silent peace of her dissembled rest,  
He gaz'd upon her, stood as in a trance :  
Sometimes her lifeless hand he would advance  
To his sad lips, then steal it down agen ;  
Sometimes a tear would fall upon't, and then  
A sigh must dry it ; every kiss did bear  
A sigh, and every sigh begat a tear :  
He kiss'd, he sigh'd, he wept, and for a space  
He fixt his eye upon her wounded face,  
And in a whispering language he disburst  
His various thoughts, thus with himself discours'd ;

And were the Sun-beams of those eyes too fierce  
For mortal view ? Or did those fires disperse  
Flames too consuming for th' amaz'd beholder ?  
Or did thy youth make reason e're the bolder  
To stain that brow, and by a mid-night theft  
To steal more beauty than the day had left ?

Or did that blinde, that childish god descry  
A kinde of twilight from that heavenly eye.  
Which, over-bright, he sought to make more dim  
By blurring that which else had blasted him ?

Or did the Sea-born goddess ere repine  
To see her star out-shone so much by thine ;  
And fill'd with rage and envious despight,  
Sent down a cloud t'eclipse so fair a light ?

Or did the wiser Deities foresee  
This likely danger, that when men shall see  
So bright a Lampt, fearing they should commit  
Such sweet idolatry benighted it ?

Or did the too too careful gods conspire  
A good for man transcending mans desire,  
And knowing such an eye too bright for any,  
Gave it a wound, lest it should wound too many ?

If so they meant, they might have been more kinde  
To save that beauty, and have struck us blinde.

Before the sound of his last breath was gone  
(Her speech being marshall'd with a powerful groan  
Through the rude confluence, and amazed throng  
Of her distracted thoughts) her feeble tongue  
Wept forth these words: *Thus fleet, thus transitory*  
*Is mans delight, and all that painted glory*  
*Poor earth can give; nor wealth, nor bloud, nor beauty,*  
*Can quit the debt, that necessary duty*  
*They owe to Change and Time; but like a flower,*  
*They flourish now, and fade within an hour:*  
*The world's compos'd of change, there's nothing stays*  
*At the same point, all alters, all decays:*  
*The world is like a Play, where every age*  
*Concludes a Scene, and so departs the Stage;*  
*And when Time's hasty Hour-glass is run,*  
*Change strikes the Epilogue, and all the Play is done.*  
*Who acts, the King to day, by chance of lot*  
*Perchance to morrow begs, and blushes not:*  
*Whose beauty was ador'd o're night, next morning*  
*May finde a face, like mine, not worth the scorning:*  
*Look where we list, there's nothing to the eye*  
*Seems truly constant but Inconstancy.*

Most dear Parthenia, (Argalus reply'd)  
Had thy deceived eye but stept aside,  
And look'd upon thy Argalus his brest,  
I know, I know, thy language had profess'd  
Another faith; thy lips had ne're let flie  
At unawares so great an Heresie:  
'Tis not the change of favour that can change  
My heart; nor time, nor fortune can estrange  
My best affections, so for ever fixt  
On thee, nothing but death can come betwixt  
My soul and thine: If I had lov'd thy face,  
Thy face alone, my fancy had given place  
Ere this to fresh desires, and attended  
Upon new fortunes, and the old had ended,  
If I had lov'd thee for thy heavenly eye,  
I might have courted the bright Majesty

Of Titan, if thy curious lips had snar'd  
 My lick'rish thoughts, I might have soon prepar'd  
 A blushing Corral, or some full ripe Cherry,  
 And pleas'd my lips, until my lips were weary ;  
 Or if the smoothness of thy whiter brow  
 Had charm'd mine eyes, and made my fancy vow  
 To outward objects, polish'd Marble might  
 Have given as much content, as much delight :  
 In brief, had Argalus his flatter'd eye  
 Been pleas'd with beauties bare Epitomy,  
 Thy curious picture might have then suppli'd  
 My wants more full, than all the world beside:  
 No, no ; 'twas neither brow, nor lip, nor eye,  
 Nor any outward excellence urg'd me why  
 To love Parthenia ; 'twas thy better part,  
 (Which mischief could not wrong) surpriz'd my heart:  
 Thy beauty was but like a Crystal case,  
 Through which the Jewel of admired grace  
 Transparent was, whose hidden worth did make  
 Me love the Casket for the Jewels sake :  
 No, no, my well-advised eye pierc'd in  
 Beyond the film, sunk deeper than the skin,  
 Else had I now been chang'd, and that firm duty  
 I owe my vows, had faded with thy beauty :  
 Nay, weep not my Parthenia, let those tears  
 Ne're wail that loss which a few after-years  
 had claim'd as due ; cheer up, thou hast forsaken  
 But that which sickness would (perchance) have taken  
 With greater disadvantage, or else age,  
 That common evil, which art cannot assuage ;  
 Beauty's but bare opinion : White and Red  
 Have no more privilege, than what is bred  
 By humane fancy which was ne're confin'd  
 To certain bounds, but varies like the wind.  
 What one man likes, another disrespects ;  
 And what a third most hates, a fourth affects.  
 The Negro's eye thinks black beyond compare,  
 And what would fright us most they count most fair ;  
 If then opinion be the touch whereby  
 All beauty's tri'd, Parthenia in my eye

Out-shines fair Helen, or who else she be,  
That is more rich in beauties wealth than she.  
Chear up, the sovereignty of thy worth infranches  
Thy captive beauty, and thy virtue blanches  
These stains of fortune. Come, it matters not  
What others think; a Letter's but a blot  
To such as cannot read; but who have skill  
Can know the fair impression of a Quill  
From gross and heedless blurs; and such can think  
No Paper foul that's fairly writ with Ink.  
What others hold a blemish in thy face,  
My skilful eyes read characters of Grace.  
What hinders then but that without delay  
Triumph may celebrate our nuptial day?  
She that hath only virtue to her guide,  
Though wanting beauty, is the fairest Bride.

A Bride? (said she) such Brides as I can have  
No fitter bridal-chamber than a grave;  
Death is my Bridegroom, and to welcome Death,  
My loyal heart shall plight a second faith,  
And when that day shall come, that joyful day  
Wherein transcendent pleasures shall allay  
The heat of all my sorrows, and conjoyn  
My pale-fac'd Bridegrooms lingering hand with mine,  
These Ceremonies and these Triumphs shall  
Attend the day to grace that Day withall.

Time with his empty hour-glass shall lead  
The triumph on, his winged hoof shall tread  
Slow paces, after him there shall ensue  
Her chaste Diana with her Virgin-cree,  
All crown'd with Cypress Garlands, after whom  
In rank the impartial Destinies shall come.  
Then in a sable Chariot faintly drawn  
With harness Virgins veil'd with purest Lawn,  
The Bride shall sit, Despair and Grief shall stand  
Like heartless Eride-maids upon either hand  
Upon the Chariot-top there shall be plac'd  
The little winged God with arm unbrac'd,  
And bowe unbent, his drooping wings must hide  
His naked knees, his quiver by his side:

Must be unarm'd, and either hand must hold  
 A Banner, where with Characters of Gold  
 Shall be decipher'd (fit for every eye  
 To read that runs) Faith, Love, and Constancy.  
 Next after, Hope in a discoloured weed  
 Shall sadly march alone : A slender Reed  
 Shall guide her feeble steps, and in her hand  
 A broken Anchor all be smear'd with sand,  
 And after all, the Bridegroom shall appear  
 Like Jove's Lieutenant, and bring up the Rear,  
 He shall be mounted on a Coal-black Steed,  
 His Hand shall hold a Dart, on which shall bleed  
 A pierced Heart, where in a former wound  
 Which Cupid's Javelin enter'd, shall be found.  
 When as these Triumphs shall adorn our Feast,  
 Let Argalus be my invited Guest,  
 And let him bid me nuptial Joy : from whom  
 I once expected all my joys should come.

With that, as if his count'nance had thought good  
 To wear Deaths colours, or as if his blood  
 Had been employed to condole the smart  
 And torment of his poor afflicted heart,  
 He thus bespake : Unhappiest of all men,  
 Why do I live ? Is Death my Rival then ?  
 Unequal chance ! Had it been flesh and blood  
 I could have grappled, and (perchance) with blood  
 Some stout encounters, Had an armed Host  
 Of mortal Rivals ventur'd to have cross'd  
 My best desires ; my Partheniaes eye  
 Had given me power to make that army fly,  
 Like frighted Lambs before the Wolf, but thou,  
 Before whose presence all must stoop and bow  
 Their servile necks, what weapon shall I hold  
 Against thy hand that will not be control'd ;  
 Great enemy, whose Kingdom's in the dust,  
 And darksome caves : I know that thou art just ;  
 Else had the Gods ne're trusted to thy hand  
 So great a privilege, so large command  
 And jurisdiction o're the lives of men,  
 To kill and save even whom they please, and when :

O, suffer not Partheniaes tempting tears  
To move thy heart, let thy hard-hearted ears  
Be deaf to all her suits: If she profess  
Affection to thee, believe nothing less.  
She's my betrothed Spouse, and Hymen's bands  
Have firmly joyn'd our hearts, though not our hands;  
Where plighted faith, and sacro-sanctious vow  
Hath given possession, dispossess not thou,  
Be just, and though her briny eyes bewail  
Her grief with tears, let not those tears prevail.  
Whom Heavens have joyn'd, thy hands may not disjoin;  
I am Partheniaes, and Parthenia's mine.  
Alas! we are but one, then thou must either  
Refuse us both, or else take both together.

My dear Parthenia, let no cloudy passion  
Of dull despair molest thee, or unfashion  
Thy better thoughts, to make thy troubled minde  
Either forgetful, or thy self unkinde:  
Starve not my pining hopes with longer stay;  
My love hath wings, and brooks no long delay;  
It hovers up and down, and cannot rest,  
Until it light, and perch upon thy breast.  
Torment not him, within these lingring fires  
That's rackt already on his own desires.  
Seal and deliver as thy deed, that band,  
Whereto thy promis'd faith hath set her hand:  
And what our plighted hearts and mutual vow  
Have so long since begun, O finish now;  
That our imperfect and half-pleasures may  
Receive perfection by a marriage-day.

Whereto she thus, Had the pleas'd gods above  
Forgiven my faults, and made me fit for Jove  
To blest at large: Had all the powers of Heaven  
(To boast the utmost of their bounty) given  
As great addition to my slender fortune  
As they could give, or covetous minde importune,  
I vow to Heaven and all those heavenly powers,  
They should no sooner been made mine, but yours:  
Nay, had my fortunes staid but at the rate  
They were, had I remained in that state

I was ; although (at best unworthy far  
Of such a peerless blessing as you are)  
My dear acceptance should have fill'd my heart  
As full of joys as now it is of smart ;

But as I am let angry Jove then vent  
On me his plagues, till all his plagues be spent :  
And when I roar, let Heaven my plagues deride,  
When I match Argalus to such a Bride.  
Live happy Argalus, let thy soul receive  
What blessings poor Parthenia cannot have :  
Live happy ; may thy joys be never done,  
But let one blessing draw another on.  
O may thy better Angel watch and ward  
Thy soul, and pitch an everlasting guard  
About the portals of thy tender heart,  
And shewre down blessings where'soe'er thou art.  
Let all thy joys be as the month of May,  
And all thy days be as a marriage-day :  
Let sorrow, sickness, and a troubled mind  
Be strangers to thee ; let them never finde  
Thy heart at home, let fortune still allot  
Such lawless guests to those that love thee not,  
And let those blessings which shall wanting be  
To such as merit none alight on thee.

That mutual faith betwixt us that of late  
Hath past, I give thee freedom to translate  
Upon the merits of some siter spouse ;  
I give thee leave, and freely quit thy vows.  
I call the gods to witness, nothing shall  
More bless my soul, no comfort can befall  
More truly welcome to me, than to see  
My Argalus, (what ere become of me)  
So link'd in wedlock, as shall most augment  
His greater honour and his true content.

With that a sudden and tempestuous tide  
Of tears overwhelm'd her language, and denide  
A passage, but when passions flood was spent,  
She thus proceeds, You gods, if you are bent  
To act my Tragedy, why do you wrong  
Our patience so, to make the play so long ?

I am



Your Scenes are tedious ; 'gainst the rules of art,  
You dwell too long, too long upon one part.  
Be brief, and take advantage of your odds,  
One simple maid amongst so many gods,  
And not be conquer'd yet ? Conjoyn your might,  
And send her soul into eternal night,  
That lives too long a day : Ile not resist,  
Provided you strike home ; strike where you list.  
Accursed be that day wherein these eyes  
First saw the light : let desp'rate souls devise  
A curse sufficient for it : Let the Sun  
Ne're shine upon it : and whate'er's begun  
Upon that fatal day, let Heaven forbid it  
Success ; if not t'ensnare the hand that did it.  
Why was I born ? Or, being born, O why  
Did not my fonder Nurses Lullaby  
(Even whilest my lips were hanging on her breast)  
Sing her poor Babe to everlasting rest ?  
O then my Infant-soul had never known  
This world of grief, beneath whose weight I groan ?  
No, no, it had not ; he that dies in 's prime,  
Spends a long business in a little time.

But Argalus (whose more extreme desire,  
Unapt to yield, like water-sprinkled fire,  
Did blaze the more) impatient of denial,  
Gave thus an on-set to a further trial :

Life of my Soul ; by whom, next Heaven, I breath :  
Excepting whom, I have no friend but Death :  
How can thy wishes ease my grief, or stand  
My misery in stead, when as thy hand,  
And nothing but thy helping hand can give me  
Relief, and yet refuses to relieve me ?  
Strange kind of Charity, when being afflicted,  
I finde best wishes, yet an interdicted  
Of those best wishes, and must be remov'd  
From loves-enjoyment : Why, because belov'd.  
Alas ! alas ! How can my wishes be  
A blessing to me, if unblest in thee ?  
Thy beauty's gone, (thou sayest) why, let it go ;  
He loves but ill, that loves but for a show ;

Thy

Thy beauty is supply'd in my affection,  
 That never yet was slave to a complexion.  
 Shall every day wherein the Earth does lack  
 The Sun's reflex b'expell'd the Almanack?  
 Or shall thy over-ur'ous steps forbear  
 A garden 'cause there be no Roses there?  
 Or shall the Sun-set of Parthenia's beauty  
 Enforce my judgment to neglect that duty  
 The which my best advis'd affection owes  
 Her sacred virtue and my solemn vows?  
 No, no, it lies not in the power of Fate  
 To make Parthenia too unfortunate  
 For Argalus to love.

It is as easie for Parthenia's heart  
 To prove less virtuous, as for me to start  
 From my firm faith; the flame that honours breath  
 Hath blown, nothing hath power to quench, but death;  
 Thou gav'st me leave to huse a fitter Spouse,  
 And freedom to recall, to quit those vows  
 I took, who gave thee licence to dispense  
 With such false tongues as offer violence  
 To plighted faith? Alas! thou canst not free  
 Thy self, much less hadst power to licence me.  
 Vows can admit no change, they still persevere  
 Against all chance; they binde, they binde for ever:  
 A vow's a holy thing, no common breath:  
 The limits of a vow is Heaven and Death:  
 A vow that's past is like a bird that's flown  
 From out the hand can be recall'd by none;  
 It dies not, like a time-beguiling Jest,  
 As soon as vented; lives not in thy breast,  
 When uttered once, but is a sacred word  
 Straight entred in the strict and close Record  
 Of Heaven; it is not like a Juggler's knot,  
 Or fast, or loose, as pleases us or not.  
 Since then thy vows can finde no dispensation,  
 And may not be recall'd, recall thy passion;  
 Perform, perform, what now it is too late  
 To unwish again, too soon to violate:

Seek

Seek not to quit what Heaven denies to free,  
Perform thy vows to Heaven, thy vows to me.

Thrice dearer than my Soul, (she thus reply'd)  
Had my own pampered fancy been the guide  
To my affection, I had condescended  
Ere this to your request which had befriended  
My best desires too. I lov'd not thee  
For my own pleasure in that base degree,  
As gluttons do their diet, who dispense  
With unwash'd hands, (lest they should give offence  
To the grip'd stomachs, when a minutes stay  
Will make them curse occasion all the day)  
I lov'd not so, my first desires disspring  
From thy own worth, and as a sacred thing  
I always view'd thee, whom my zeal commands  
Menot profane with these defiled hands.

'Tis true, performance is a debt we owe  
To Vows, and nothing's dearer than a Vow;  
Yet when the gods do ravish from our hand  
The means to keep it, 'tis a countermand.  
He that hath vow'd to sacrifice each day,  
At Juno's Altar's bound, and must obey,  
But if (being under vow) the gods do please  
To strike him with a leperous disease,  
Or foul infection; which is better now  
Profane the Altar, or to break the Vow?  
The case is mine; where then the gods dispense  
We may be bold, yet tender no offence.

Admit it were an evil; 'tis our best  
Of necessary ills to chuse the least.  
The gods are good; the strict recognisance  
Of Vows is onely taken to advance  
The good of man; now if that good prove ill,  
We may refuse, our Vow's intire still.

I vow a marriage, why because I do  
Entirely affect that man my Vows are to;  
But if some foul disease should interpose  
Betwixt our promis'd marriage and our vows,  
The strict performance of those vows must prove;  
I wrong, and therefore love not, whom I love.

Then

Then urge no more : Let my denial be  
A pledge sufficient 'twixt my love and thee.

So ended she : but vehement desire  
(That can be quench'd with No, no more than fire  
With oyl ; and can submit to no condition)  
Lends him new breath - Love makes a Rhetorician ;  
He speaks : she answers : He afresh replies ;  
He stoutly sues, as stoutly she denies ;  
He begs in vain, and she denies in vain ;  
For she denies again, he begs again ;  
At last, both weary, he his suit adjourns ;  
For Lovers days are good and bad by turns.  
He bids Farewell, as if the heart of either  
Gave but one motion, they both sigh'd together.  
She bids Farewell, and yet she bids it so,  
As if her Farewell ended, if he go ;  
He bids Farewell, but so, as if delay  
Had promis'd better Farewells to his Stay.  
She bids Farewell ; but holds his hands so fast,  
As if that Farewell had not been the last.  
Both sigh'd, both wept, and both being heavy hearted,  
She bids Farewell, he bids Farewell, and parted :  
So parted they : Now *Argalus* is gone,  
And now *Parthenia's* weeping all alone,  
And like the widow'd Turtle she bewails  
The absence of her Mate ; Passion prevails  
Above her strength : Now her poor heart can tell  
What's Heaven by wanting Heaven, and what's Hell  
By her own torments : Sorrow now does play  
The tyrants part, affection must obey ;  
And like a Weather-cock her various minde  
Is chang'd and turn'd with every blast of winde.  
In desp'rate language she deplores her state ;  
She fain would wish, but then she knows not what :  
Resolves of this, of that, and then on neither,  
She fain would flee, but then she knows not whither :  
At length (consulting with the heartless pair  
Of ill advisers, Sorrow and Despair)  
Resolves to take th'advantage of that night,  
To steal away, and seek for death by flight.

A Pilgrim's weed her liveless limbs addrest  
From head to foot : a thong of Leather blest  
Her wasted loins ; her feeble feet were shod  
With sandals ; in her hand a Pilgrims rod.  
When as th'illustrious Sovereign of the day  
Had now begun his circuit, to survey  
His lower Kingdom, having newly lent  
The upper world to *Cynthiaes* government,  
Forth went *Parthenia*, and begins t'attend  
The progress now, which onely death can end.

Go hapless Virgin ! Fortune be thy guide,  
Asid thine own virtues ; and what else beside,  
That may be prosp'rous ; may thy merits finde  
More happiness, than thy distressed minde  
Can hope : Live, and to after-ages prove  
The great Example of true Faith and Love :  
Gone, gone she is ; but whither she is gone,  
The gods and fortune can resolve alone :  
Pardon my Quill that is enforc'd to stray  
From a poor Lady in an unknown way.

To number forth her weary steps, or tell  
Those obvious dangers that so oft befell  
Our poor *Parthenia* in her Pilgrimage,  
Or bring her miseries on the open stage ;  
Her broken slumbers, her distracted care,  
Her hourly fears and frights, her hungry fare ;  
Her daily perils, and her nightly scapes  
From ravenous beasts, and from attempted rapes,  
Is not my task ; who care not to incite  
My Readers passion to an appetite.  
We leave *Parthenia* now ; and our discourse  
Must cast an eye, and bend her settled course  
To *Argalus*. When *Argalus* (returning  
To visit his *Parthenia*, the next morning)  
Perceived she was fled, not knowing whither ;  
He makes no stay, Consults not with the weather,  
Stays not to think, but elaps his hasty knees  
To his fleet Courser, and away he flees :  
His haste inquires no way, (he needs not fear  
To lose the road, that goes he knows not where :)

One while he pricks upon the fruitful plains,  
And now he gently slacks his prouder reins,  
And climbs the barren hills; with fresh careers  
He tries the right-hand way, and then he veres  
His course upon the left. One while he likes  
This path, when by and by his fancy strikes  
Upon another track. Sometimes he roves  
Among the Springs and solitary Groves,  
Where on the tender barks of sundry Trees  
H'engraves *Partheniaes* name with his, then flees  
To the wilde Champian, his proud Steed removes  
The hopeful fallows with his horned hoves :  
He bauks no way, rides over Rock and Mountain,  
When led by Fortune to *Dianaes* Fountains,  
He straight dismounts his Steed, begins to quench  
His thirsty lips, and after that to drench  
His fainting limbs in that sweet stream wherein  
*Partheniaes* dainty fingers oft had been.  
The Fountain was upon a steep descent,  
Whose gliding current nature gave a vent  
Through a firm Rock, which Art (to make it known  
To after Ages) wall'd and roof'd with stone.  
Above the Crystal Fountains head was plac'd  
*Dianaes* Image (though of late defac'd)  
Beneath a rocky Cistern did retain  
The water sliding through the Cocks of *Cane*,  
Whose curious Current the Worlds greater eye  
Ne're view'd but in his mid-day majesty :  
It was that Fountain where in elder times  
Poor *Coridon* compos'd his rural rimes,  
And left them closely hid for his unkinde  
And marble-hearted *Phillida* to finde.  
All rites perform'd, he re. amounts his Steed,  
Redeems his loss of time with a new speed :  
And with a fresh supply his strength renues  
His progress, God knows whither : He pursues  
His vow'd adventure, brooking no delay,  
And (with a minde as doubtful as the way)  
He journeys on, he left no course unthought,  
No traveller unask'd, no place unsought,

To make a Journal of each circumstance,  
His change of fortunes, and each obvious chance  
Befell his tedious travel, to relate  
The brave attempt of this exploit, or that  
His rare achievements, and their fair success,  
His noble courage in extreme distress,  
His desp'rate dangers, his deliverance :  
His high esteem with men, which did inance  
His meanest actions to the throne of *Jove* :  
And what he suffered for *Parthenias* love,  
Would make our volume endless, apt to try  
The utmost patience of a studious eye :  
All which, the bounty of a free conceit  
May sooner reach to, than my Pen relate.  
But till bright *Cynthias* head had three times thrice  
Repair'd her empty horns, and fill'd the eyes  
Of gazing mortals with her globe of light,  
This restless Lover ceas'd not day and night  
To wander in a solitary quest  
For her, whose love had taught him to digest  
The dregs of sorrow, and to count all joys  
But follies (weigh'd with her) at least but toys.

It happened now, that twice six moneths had run,  
Since wandring *Argalus* had first begun  
His toilsome progress, who in vain had spent  
A year of hours, and yet no event,  
When fortune brought him to a goodly seat,  
(Wall'd round about with hills) yet not so great  
As pleasant, and less curious to the sight,  
Than strong, yet yielding even as much delight  
As strength, whose onely out-side did declare  
The Masters judgment, and the builders care.  
Around the Castle Nature had laid out  
The bounty of her treasure round about  
Well fenced Meadows (fill'd with Summers pride)  
Promis'd provision for the Winter-tide :  
Near which the neighb'ring hills (well stockt & stor'd  
With milk-white flocks) and severally afford  
The fruitful blessings and deserv'd increase  
To painful Husbandry, the childe of Peace :

It was *Kalandar's* seat, who was the brother  
 Of lost *Parthenias* late deceased mother.  
 He was a Gentleman whom vain ambition  
 Ne're taught to undervalue the condition  
 Of private Gentry, who prefer'd the love  
 Of his respected neighbours, far above  
 The apish congies of th'unconstant Court ;  
 Ambitious of a good, not great report :  
 Beloved of his Prince, yet not depending  
 Upon his favours so, as to be tending  
 Upon his person, and in brief, too strong  
 Within himself, for fortunes hand to wrong :  
 Thither came wandring *Argalm*, and receiv'd  
 As great content, as one that was bereav'd  
 Of all his joys, could take ; or who would strive  
 T'express a welcome to the life, could give.  
 His richly furnish'd table more exprest  
 A common bounty, than a curious feast ;  
 Whereat the choice of precious wines were proffer'd  
 In liberal sort ; nor urg'd, but freely offer'd :  
 The careful servants did attend the room ;  
 No need to bid them either go or come ;  
 Each knew his place, his office, and could spy  
 His masters pleasure in his masters eye.  
 But what can relish pleasing to a taste  
 That is distemper'd ? Can a sweet repast  
 Please a sick palate ? No, there's no content  
 Can enter *Argalm*, whose soul is bent  
 To tire on his own thoughts : *Kalandar's* love  
 (That other times would ravish) cannot move  
 That fixed heart, which passion now incites  
 T'abjure all pleasures, and forswear delights.  
 It fortun'd on a day that dinner ending,  
*Kalandar* and his noble guests intending  
 T'exchange their pleasures in the open air,  
 A messenger came in, and did repair  
 Unto *Kalandar*, told him, that the end  
 Of his i n ployment was to recommend  
 A noble Lady to him (near ally'd  
 To fair Queen *Hellen*) whose unskilful guide



Had so mislaid, that she does make request  
 This night, to be his bold and unknown guest :  
 And by his help to be inform'd the way  
 To finde to morrow what she lost to day.  
*Kalandar* (the extent of whose ambition  
 Was to expresse the bounteous disposition  
 Of a free heart, as glad of such occasion  
 To entertain) return'd the salutation  
 Of an unknown servant, and withall profess  
 A promis'd welcome to so fair a guest.  
 Forthwith *Kalandar* and his noble friends,  
 (All but poor *Argalm*, who recommends  
 His thoughts to private uses, and confines  
 His secret fancy to his own designs)  
 Mounted their prauising Steeds, to give a meeting  
 To his fair guest: They met, but at first greeting  
*Kalandar* stood amaz'd, (for he suppos'd  
 It was *Parthenia*) and thus his thoughts disclos'd :

*Madam* (said he) if these mine aged eyes  
 Retain that wonted strength which age denies  
 To many of my years, I should be bold  
 (In viewing you) to say, I do behold  
 My niece *Partheniaes* face : Nor can I be  
 Perswaded (by your leave) but you are she.

Thrice noble Sir, (she thus reply'd) your tongue  
 (Per chance) hath done the fair *Parthenia* wrong.  
 In your mistake, and too much honour'd me,  
 That (in my judgment) was more fit to be  
 Her fail, than picture ; yet hath many an eye  
 Given the like sentence, she not being by ;  
 Nay, more : I have been told that my own mother  
 Fail'd often to distinguish t<sup>e</sup> one from t<sup>o</sup>ther.

Said then *Kalandar*, If my rash conceit  
 Hath made a fault, mine error shall await  
 Upon your gracious pardon : I alone  
 Was not deceiv'd ; for never any one  
 That view'd *Partheniaes* visage, but would make  
 As great an error by as great mistake.

But ( *Madam* ) for her sake, and for your own,  
 (Whose worth may challenge to it self alone,

*More service than Kalandar can express)  
 You're truly welcome. Enter and possess  
 This Castle as your own; which can be blest  
 In nothing more, than in so fair a guest.*

*Whereto the Lady entring thus reply'd :  
 Let everlasting joys be multiply'd  
 Within these gentle gates, and let them stand  
 As lasting Monuments in the Arcadian Land,  
 Of rare and bounteous hospitality  
 To after-times. Let strangers passing by  
 Blest their succeeding heirs as shall descend  
 From such a Lord, from such a noble Friend.*

*When as a little respite had repaired,  
 Her weary limbs, which travel had impair'd;  
 The freeness of occasion did present  
 New subjects to discourse, wherein they spent  
 No little time; among the rest befell  
 Kalandar (often stopt with tears) to tell  
 Of Argalus and lost Partheniaes love  
 Whose undissembled passion did move  
 A general grief; the more that they attended  
 To his sad tale, the more they wisht it ended.*

*Madam, (said he) although your visage be  
 Like hers, yet may your fortunes disagree;  
 Poor Girl: And as he spake these words his eyes  
 Let fall a tear. The Lady thus replies,*

*My soul doth suffer for Partheniaes sake:  
 But tell me, Sir, Did Argalus forsake  
 His poor Parthenia whom he lov'd so dear?  
 How hath he spent his days ere since? and where?*

*Madam, (said he) when as their marriage-day  
 Drew near; mischief, that now was bent to play  
 Upon the Stage her studied Master-prize,  
 With ugly Leprosie did so disguise  
 Her beauteous face, that she became a terror  
 To her own self: but Argalus the mirrour  
 Of truest constancy (whose loyal heart,  
 Not guided by his eyes, disdain'd to start  
 From his past vows) did in despite of Fortune,  
 Pursue his fixt desires, and importune*

Th'intended marriage ne'retbeless; but she  
 Whom reason now had taught to disagree  
 With her distracted thoughts, stands deaf and mute,  
 And at the last, t'avoid the further sute,  
 Not making any private to her flight,  
 She quits the house, and steals away by night:  
 But, Madam, when as Argalus perceiv'd  
 That she was fled; and being quite bereav'd  
 Of his lost hope, poor Lover he assays  
 By toilsom pilgrimage to end his days,  
 Or finde her out: Now twice six moneths have run  
 Their tedious courses since he first begun  
 His fruitless journey, ranging far and near  
 Suffering as many sorrows as a year  
 Could send; and made by the extremes of weather,  
 Unapt for travel; Fortune brought him hither,  
 Where he as yet remains, till time shall make  
 His wasted body fit to undertake  
 His discontinu'd progress, and renew  
 His great inquest for her, who at first view,  
 Madam you seem'd to be.

So said, the Lady from whose tender eyes  
 Some drops did slide, whose heart did sympathize  
 With both their sorrows, said, And is there then  
 Such unexpected constancy in men?  
 Most noble Sir?

If the too rash desires of a stranger  
 May be dispens'd withall without the danger  
 Of too great boldness, I should make request  
 To see this noble Lord, in whose rare breast  
 (By your report) more honour doth reside,  
 Than in all Greece; nay, all the world beside:  
 I have a message to him; and am loath  
 To do it, were I not engag'd by oath.

Whereat Kalandar not in breath, but action,  
 Applies himself to give a satisfaction  
 To her propounded wish; protraction wastes  
 No time, but up to Argalus he hastes:  
 Arg'us comes down, and after salutation  
 Giv'up and receiv'd, she accosts him in this fashion:

My noble Lord,

Whereas the loud resounding trump of fame  
Hath nois'd your worth, and glorifi'd your name  
Above all others, let your goodness now  
Make good that fair report, that I may know  
By true experience, what my joyful ear  
Had but as yet the happiness to hear,  
And if the frailty of a womans wit  
May chance t'offend; be noble, and remit.

Then know (most noble Lord) my native place  
Is Corinth; of the self-same blood and race  
With fair Queen Hellen, in whose Princely Court  
I had my birth, my breeding; to be short,  
Thither not many days ago, there came  
Disguis'd and chang'd in all things but her name,  
The rare Parthenia, so in shape transform'd,  
In feature altered, and in face deform'd  
That (in my judgment) all this Region could  
Not shew a thing more ugly to behold.  
Long was it ere her oft-repeated vows  
And solemn protestations could rouse  
My over-dull belief; till at the last,  
Some passages that heretofore had past  
In secret 'twixt Parthenia and me,  
Gave full assurance it could be none but she?  
Abundant welcome (as a soul so sad  
As mine, and hers, could give or take) she had:  
So like we were in face, in speech, in growth,  
That whosoever saw the one, saw both;  
Yet were we not alike in our complexions  
So much, as in our loves, in our affections:  
One sorrow serv'd us both, and one relief  
Could ease us both, both partners in one grief:  
Much private time we joyntly spent, and neither  
Could finde a true content, if not together.  
The strange occurrences of her dire misfortune  
She oft discours'd, which strongly did importune  
A world of tears from her suffused eyes,  
The true partakers of her miseries

And

*And as she spake the accent of her story,  
 Would always point upon th' eternal glory  
 Of your rare constancy, which whoso'er  
 In after-ages shall presume to bear,  
 And not admire, let him be proclaim'd  
 A rebell to all virtue, and (desam'd  
 In his best actions) let his leprous name  
 Or dy dishonour'd, or survive with shame.  
 But ah! what Simples can the hand of art  
 Finde out to stanch a Lovers bleeding heart?  
 Or what (alas) can humane skill apply  
 To turn the course of Loves Phlebotomy?  
 Love is a secret fire, inspir'd, and blown  
 By fate, which wanting hopes to feed upon,  
 Works on the very soul, and does torment  
 The universe of man: which being spent  
 And wasted in the conflict often shrinks  
 Beneath the burden: and so conquer'd, sinks,  
 All which your poor Parthenia knew too well,  
 Whose bedrid hopes, not having power to quell  
 Th' imperious fury of extreme despair,  
 She languish'd, and not able to contrair  
 The will of her victorious passion; cried,  
 My dearest Argalus, farewell, and died.  
 My Lord, not long before her latest breath  
 Had freely paid the full arrears to death,  
 She call'd me to her: In her dying hand  
 She strained mine, whilst in her eyes did stand  
 A shewre of tears, unwept, and in mine ear  
 She whisper'd so, as all the room might hear.*

*Sister, (said she) (That riddle past between us  
 Not undeserv'd; for, all that ere had seen us,  
 Mistook us so at least) the latest sand  
 Of my spent Hour-glass is now at hand:  
 Those joys, which Heaven appointed out for me,  
 I here bequeath to be possess'd by thee:  
 And when sweet death shall clarify my thoughts,  
 And drein them from the dregs of all my faults,  
 Enjoy them thou, wherewith (being so refin'd  
 From all their dross) full-fraught thy constant minde;*

And let thy prosperous voyage be address'd  
 To the fair port of Argalus his breast,  
 At whom the eye of noon did ne'er discover  
 So loyal, so renown'd, so rare a Lover.  
 Cast anchor there; for by this dying breath,  
 Nothing can please my soul more after death,  
 And make my joys more perfect, than to see  
 A marriage 'twixt my Argalus and thee :  
 This Ring the pledge betwixt his heart and mine,  
 As freely as he gave me, I make thine :  
 With it unto thy faithful heart I tender  
 My sacred vows, with it I here surrender  
 All right and title that I had or have  
 In such a blessing, as I now must leave :  
 Go to him, and conjure him in my name,  
 What love he bare to me, the very same  
 That he transfer on thee; Take no denial  
 Which granted, live thou happy, constant, loyal :  
 And as she spake that word, her voice did alter;  
 Her breath grew cold, her speech began to falter :  
 Fain would she utter more, but her spent tongue  
 (Not able to go further) fail'd, and clung  
 To her dry roof. A while, as in a trance,  
 She lay, and on a sudden did advance  
 Her forced language to the height, and cried,  
 Farewell my dearest Argalus, and died.

And now, my Lord, although this office be  
 Unsuitable to my sex, and disagree  
 Too much perchance with the too mean condition  
 Of my poor state, more like to finde derision  
 Than satisfaction; yet my gracious Lord,  
 Extr'ordinary merits do afford  
 Extr'ordinary means, and can excuse  
 The breach of custome or the common use :  
 Wherefore incited by the dear directions  
 Of dead Parthenia, by my own affections,  
 And by the excellence of your high desert,  
 I here present you with a faithful heart,  
 A heart to you devoted, which assures  
 It self no happiness but in being yours.

Pardon my boldness; they that shall reprove  
 This as a fault, reprove a fault in love:  
 And why should custom do our Sex that wrong,  
 To take away the priviledge of our tongue?  
 If nature give us freedom to affect,  
 Why then should custom bar us to desert  
 The gifts of nature? she that is in pain,  
 Hath a sufficient warrant to complain.  
 Then give me leave (my Lord) to re-inforce  
 A Virgins suit, and (thinking ne're the worse  
 Of proffer'd love) let my desire thrive,  
 And freely accept what I do freely give.

So ending, silence did enlarge her ear,  
 (Prepar'd with quick attention) to hear  
 His gracious words; but Argalus whose passion  
 Had put his amorous courtship out of fashion,  
 Return'd no answer, till his triekling eyes  
 Had given an earnest of such obsequies  
 As his adjourned sorrow had intended  
 To do at full, and therefore recommended  
 To privacy; true grief abhors the light;  
 Who grieves without a witness grieves aright.  
 His passion thus suspended for a while,  
 (And yet not so; but that it did recoil  
 Strong sighs) he wip'd his tear-bedewed eyes,  
 And turning to the Lady, thus replies:

Madam, your no less rare, than noble favour, shew  
 How much your merit, and how much I owe  
 Your great desert, which claims more thankfulness,  
 Than such a dearth of language can express.  
 But most of all, I stand far ever bound  
 To that your goodness my Parthenia found.  
 In her distress, for which respect (in duty  
 As I am tie'd) poor Argalus shall reprove  
 The flower of noble courtesie, and proclaime  
 Your high deserving. Lady, as I am  
 A poor unhappy wretch, the very scorn  
 Of all posterity, distressed, forlorn,

Unworthy the least favour you can give,  
 I am your slave, your Beadsmen will I live :  
 But for the weighty matter you propound,  
 Although I see how much it would redound  
 To my great happiness, yet Heaven knows  
 (Most excellent Lady) I cannot dispose  
 Of mine own thoughts, nor have I power to do  
 What else you needed not persuade me to ;  
 For trust me, were this heart of mine, mine own,  
 To carve according to my pleasure, none  
 But you should challenge it ; but while I live,  
 It is Partheniaes, and not mine to give.

Whereto she thus replies : Most noble Sir,  
 Death that hath made divorce 'twixt you and her,  
 Hath now returned you your heart again,  
 Dissolv'd your vows ; dissink'd that sacred chain,  
 Which ty'd your souls ; nay more, her dying breath  
 Bequeath'd your heart to me, which by her death  
 Is grown a debt that you are bound to pay ;  
 Then know (my Lord) the longer you delay  
 The longer time her soul is dispossest  
 (And by your means) of her desired rest.

Whereto the poor distressed Argalus  
 Pausing a while, return'd his answer thus.

Incomparable Lady,  
 When first of all, by Heavens divine directions,  
 We lov'd, we lik'd, we linkt our dear affections,  
 And with the solemn power of an oath,  
 In presence of the better gods we both  
 Exchang'd our hearts : in witness of which thing,  
 I gave, and she received this dear Ring,  
 Which now you wear ; by which she did resign  
 Her heart to me, for which I gave her mine,  
 Now, Madam, by a mutual commerce,  
 My exchang'd heart is not mine own but hers :  
 Which if it had the power to survive,  
 She being dead, what heart have I to give ?  
 Or if that heart expired in her death,  
 What heart had she (poor Lady ! ) to bequeath ?

Madam



*Madam, in her began my dear affection,  
In her it liv'd, in her it had perfection,  
In her it joy'd, although but ill befriended  
By fate; in her begun, in her it ended.  
If I had lov'd, if I had onely lov'd  
Partheniaes beauty, I had soon been mov'd  
To moderate my sorrows, and to place  
That love on you, that have Partheniaes face.  
But 'twas Partheniaes self I lov'd, and love,  
Which as no time hath power to remove  
From my fixt heart, so nothing can diminish,  
No fortune can dissolve, no death can finish.  
With mingled frowns and smiles she thus reply'd  
Half in a rage, And must I be deny'd?  
Are these the noble favours I expected?  
To finde disgrace, and go away rejected?*

*Most noble Lady, if my words (said he)*  
*Sute not your expectation, let them be  
Imputed to the misery of my state,  
Which makes my lips to speak they know not what;  
Mistake not him that onely studies how  
With most advantage still to honour you.  
Alas! what joys I ever did receive  
From fortune's buried in Partheniaes grave,  
With whom, ere long, (not are my hopes in vain)  
I hope to meet, and never part again.*

*So said, with more than Eagle-winged haste,  
She flew into his bosom, and imbrac'd  
In her clos'd arms his sorrow-wasted waste,  
Surcharg'd with joy, she wept not having power  
To speak. Have you beheld an April shower  
Send down her hasty bubbles, and then stops,  
Then storms afresh, through whose transparent drops  
The unobscured Lamp of Heaven conveys  
The brighter glory of his refulgent rays?  
Even so, within her blushing cheeks relided  
A mixt aspect, 'twixt smiles and tears divided:  
So even divided, no man could say, whether  
She wept, or smil'd, she smil'd and wept together:*

*She*

She held him fast, and like a fainting Lover,  
 Whose passion now had licence to discover  
 Some words: *Since then thy heart is not for me,*  
*Take, take thy own Parthenia* (said she)  
*Cheer up my Argalus, these words of mine*  
*Are thy Partheniaes, as Parthenia's thine:*  
*Believe it (Love) these are no false alarms,*  
*Thou hast thine own Parthenia in thine arms.*

Like a man whose hourly wants implore  
 Each meals relief, trudging from door to door,  
 That hears no dialect from churlish lips,  
 But news of beadsles, and their torturing whips,  
 Takes up (perchance) some unexpected treasure,  
 New lost; departs, and joyful beyond measure,  
 Is so transported, that he scarce believes  
 So great a truth, and what his eye perceives,  
 Not daring trust, but fears it is some vision,  
 Or flattering dream, deserving but derision:  
 So Argalus amazed at the news,  
 Fain would believe, but daring not abuse  
 His easie faith too soon, for fear his heart  
 Should surfeit on conceit, he did impart  
 The truth unto his fancy by degrees:  
 Where stopt by passion, falling on his knees,  
 He thus began: *O you eternal Powers*  
*That have the guidance of these souls of ours,*  
*Who by your just Prerogative can do*  
*What is a sin for man to dive into:*  
*Whose undiscover'd actions are too high*  
*For abought; too deep for man to inquire why:*  
*Delude not these mine eyes with the false show*  
*Of such a joy, as I must never know*  
*But in a dream; or if a dream it be,*  
*O let me never wake again to see*  
*My self deceiv'd, that am ordain'd to enjoy*  
*A real grief, and but a dreaming joy.*

Much more he spake to this effect, which ended.  
 He blest himself, and (with a sigh) unbended  
 His aking knees, and rising from the ground  
 He cast his rolling eyes about, and found

The room avoided, and himself alone ;  
 The door half-clos'd, and his Parthenia gone,  
 His new-distempered passion grew extreme :  
 I knew, I knew (said he) 'twas but a dream ;  
 A minutes joy, a flash, a flattering bubble  
 Blown by the fancy, full of pleasing trouble,  
 Which waking breaks, and empties into air,  
 And breaths into my soul a fresh despair.  
 I knew 'twas nothing but a golden dream,  
 Which (waking) makes my wants the more extreme :  
 I knew 'twas nothing but a dreaming joy,  
 A bliss, which (waking) I should ne'er enjoy.  
 My dear Parthenia tell me where, O where  
 Art thou, that so delud' st mine eye, mine ear ?  
 O that my wakened fancy had the might  
 To represent unto my real sight  
 What my deceived eyes beheld, that I  
 Might surfeit with excess of joy, and dy !

With that, the fair Parthenia (whose desire  
 Was all this while, by fire, to draw out fire ;  
 And by a well-advised course to smother  
 The fury of one passion with another)  
 Stept in, and said, Then Argalus take thou  
 Thy true Parthenia : Thou dream' st not now ;  
 Behold this Ring, whose Motto does impart  
 The constancy of our divided heart :  
 Behold these eyes, that for thy sake have vented  
 A world of tears, unpit'ed, unlamented :  
 Behold this face, that had of late, the power  
 To curse all beauty, yet it self secure :  
 Witness that Taper, whose prophetick snuff  
 Was outed and revived with one puff :  
 And that my words may whet thy dull belief,  
 'Twas I that roar'd beneath the scourge of grief,  
 When thou didst curse the darkness for concealing  
 My face, and then the Taper for revealing  
 So foul a face ; 'twas I that overcome  
 With violent despair, stood deaf and dumb  
 To all thy urg'd persuasions ; it was I,  
 That in thy absence did resolve to die.

A wandering Pilgrim, trusting to be led  
 By Fortune to my Death; and therefore fled.  
 But see, the Powers above can work their ends  
 In spite of mortals; and what man intends,  
 The Heavens dispose, and order the event:  
 For when my thoughts were desperately bent  
 To mine own ruine, I was led by fate  
 (Through dangers now too tedious to relate)  
 To fair Queen Hellen's Court, not knowing whither  
 My unadvised steps were guided. Thither  
 My Genius brought me, where unknown to any,  
 I mourn'd in silence, though observ'd by many,  
 Reliev'd by none; at length they did acquaint  
 The fair Queen Hellen with my strange complaint;  
 Whose noble heart did truly sympathize  
 With mine, partaking in my miseries:  
 Who fill'd with pity, strongly did importune  
 The woful case of my disastrous fortune,  
 And never rest'd till she did enforce  
 These lips to acquaint her with the whole discourse.  
 Which done, her gracious pleasure did command  
 Her own Chirurgion, to whose skilful hand  
 She left my foul disease, who in the space  
 Of twice ten days restor'd me to this face;  
 The cure perfected, straight she sent about  
 (Without my knowledge) to inquire out  
 That party for whose sake I was contented  
 To endure such grief with patience, unrepented;  
 Hoping since by her means, and help of art  
 My face was cur'd, even so to cure my heart.  
 But when the welcome Messenger return'd  
 The place of thy abode, O how my spirit burn'd  
 To kiss her hands, and so to leave the Court:  
 But she, (whose favours did transcend report  
 As much, as they exceeded my desert)  
 Detain'd me for a while, as loth to part  
 With her poor handmaid; till at last pretending  
 A Lovers hate, and freely apprehending  
 So just a cause of Speed; she soon befriended  
 My best desires, and sent me thus attended:

Whereat

Where (under a false mask) I laid this plot,  
 To see how soon my Argalus had forgot  
 His dead Parthenia, but my blest ear  
 Hath heard what few or none must hope to hear:  
 Now farewell sorrow; and let old despair  
 Go seek new breasts; let mischief never dare  
 Attempt our hearts; let Argalus enjoy  
 His true Parthenia; let Parthenia's joy  
 Revive in him; let each be blest in either,  
 And blest be Heaven, that brought both together.

With that the well-nigh broken-hearted Lover  
 Ravish'd with over-joy did thus discover  
 His long-pent words: And do those eyes once more  
 Behold what their extreme despair gave ore  
 To hope for? Do these wretched eyes attain  
 The happiness to see this face again?  
 And is there so much happiness yet left  
 For a broke heart, a heart that was bereft  
 Of power to enjoy what Heaven had power to give?  
 Breaths my Parthenia? Does Parthenia live?  
 Who ever saw the Pble-affecting stone,  
 By hidden power, (a power as yet unknown  
 To our confin'd and darkned reason) draw  
 The neighbouring steel, which by the mutual law  
 Of natures secret working, strives as much  
 To be attracted, till they joyn and touch;  
 Even so these greedy Lovers meet, and charms  
 Each other strongly in each others arms;  
 Even so they meet, and with unbounded measure  
 Of true content, and time-beguiling pleasure,  
 Enjoy each other with a world of kisses,  
 Sealing the Parent of true worldly blisses:  
 Where for a while I leave them to receive  
 What pleasures new-met Lovers use to have:

Readers forbear, and let no wanton eye  
 Abuse our Scene: Let not the stander by  
 Corrupt our lines, or make an obscene gloss  
 Upon our sober Text, and mix his dross  
 With our refined Gold, extracting sower  
 From sweet, and poyson from so fair a flower.

Correct your wandring thoughts, and do not fear  
 To think the best : here is no *Tarquin* here ;  
 No lustful, no insatiate *Messaline*,  
 Who thought it gain sufficient to resign  
 An age of honour for a night of pleasure ;  
 Whose strength to endure lust was the just measure  
 Of her adust desire : ye need not fear  
 Our private Lovers, who esteem less dear  
 Their lives than honours, daring not to do  
 But what, unsham'd, the Sun may pry into.

If any itching ears desire to know  
 What secret conference pass betwixt these two ;  
 To them my Muse thus answers : *When your case*  
*Shall prove the like, she wills you to embrace*  
*True honour, as these noble Lovers did,*  
*And you shall know ; till then you are forbid*  
*To inquire further : Onely this she pleases*  
*To let you understand, that loves diseases*  
*Being roughly cured, by their meeting, they*  
*Have once again prefixt a Mariage-day :*  
*Which that it might succeed with fairer fortune,*  
*Readers, she moves your pleasures to importune*  
*The better gods, That they would please to appay*  
*Their griefs with joy, and smile upon that day.*

---

*Argalus*



## Argalus and Parthenia.

### The Third Book,

When sturdy *Marches* storms are over-blown,  
And *Aprils* gentle showers are slidden  
down,

To close the winde-chapt Ea rth, succeeding *May*  
Enters her moneth, whose early breaking day  
Calls Ladies from their easie beds to view  
Sweet *Mia's* pride, and the discolour'd hiew  
Of dewy-brested *Flora* in her bower,  
Where every hand hath leave to pick the flower  
Her fancy likes, wherewith to be posselt,  
Until it fade and wither in her brest.

Now smooth-fac'd *Neptune* with his gladder smiles  
Visits the banks of his beloved Ites :

*Æolus* calls in the windes, and bids them hold  
Their full-mouth'd blasts, that breathless are cons  
Each one retires, and shrinks into his seat, (tolds:  
And Sea-green *Triton* sounds a shrill retreat :  
And thus at length our Pinace is past o're  
The bar, and rides before the Maiden-tower:

Up, now in earnest (*Voyagers*) and stand ye  
On your faint legs, Our Long-boat strait shall land  
Forget your travel now, and lead your eyes (ye,  
From your past dangers to your present prize :

You

You traffick not for toys : The gods have set  
 No other price to things of price but Sweat.  
 Chear up, call home your hearts, and be advis'd,  
 Goods eas'ly purchas'd are as eas'ly priz'd :  
 You traffick not for trifles, and your travel  
 Was not to compass the almighty gravel  
 Of the *Indian* Mines to ballast your estates ;  
 'Twas not for blasts of Honour, whose poor dates  
 Depend on regal smiles, and have no measures  
 • But Monarch's wills, expiring with their pleasures :  
 'Twas not to conquer Kingdoms, or obtain  
 The dangerous title of a Sovereign :  
 These are poor things : It is but false discretion  
 To toil, where hopes are sweeter than possession :  
 No, we are bound upon more brave adventures ;  
 True Honour, Virtue, Beauty, are the centers  
 To which we point, whereto our thoughts do tend ;  
 And Heaven hath brought our voyage to an end.

Hail noble *Argalm*, now the Cock-boat stands  
 Secure, step forth, spread forth thy widened hands,  
 And take thy fairest Bride into thine arms :  
 Strike up (brave Spirit) *Cupid's* fresh alarms  
 Upon her melting lips : Take Toll: before  
 Thou set her dainty foot upon the shore :  
 So let her slide upon thy gentle b. est,  
 And feel the ground : Then lead her to her rest,  
 Go Imps of Honour, let the morning Sun  
 Gild your delights, and spend his beams upon  
 Your marriage triumphs, let his Western light  
 Decline apace, and make an early night.  
 Go, Turtles go, let treble joys betide  
 The faithful Bridegroom and his fairest Bride :  
 Let your own virtues light you to your rest ;  
 To morrow come we to your nuptial feast.

By this the curl'd-pate Waggoner of Heaven  
 Had finish't his diurnal course, and driven  
 His panting Steeds a down the Western Hill,  
 When silver *Cynthia* rising to fulfill  
 Her nightly course, lets fall an Evening tear,  
 To see her brother leave the Hemisphere,

Which



Which by the air dispers'd, is early found  
 (And call'd a *Pearly dew*) upon the ground :  
 Still as the night, no language did molest  
 The waking ear : all mortals were at rest :  
 No breath of winde had power to provoke  
 The *Aspine-leaf*, or urge the aspiring smoke :  
 Sweet was the Air and clear ; no Star was hid :  
 No envious cloud was stirring, to forbid  
 The wilde *Astronomer* to gaze and look  
 Into the secrets of his spangled book ;  
 Whilest round about in each resounding Grove  
 (As if the *Choristers* of night had strove  
 T'excell) the warbling *Philomele* compares  
 And vies by turns her *Polypholian* airs.

And now the horn-mouth'd Bell-man of the night  
 Had sent his mid-night Summons to invite  
 Nights ravenous Rebels from their secret holds  
 To rome and visit the securer folds ;  
 Whilest drouzy *Morpheus* with his Leaden Keys  
 Locks up the Shepherds eye-lids, and betrays  
 The scatter'd flocks, which ly like Sacrifices,  
 Expecting fire when the Sun-god rises-  
 By this the pale-fac'd Empress of the night  
 Had surrendred up her borrowed light,  
 And to the lower World she now retires,  
 Attended with her train of lesser fires,  
 And early *Hesper* shoots his golden head,  
 To usher *Titan* from his purple bed ;  
 The grey-ey'd *Janitor* does now begin  
 To ope his Eastern portals, and let in  
 The new-born Day, who having lately hurl'd  
 The shades of night into the lower World,  
 The dewy-cheek'd *Aurora* does unfold  
 Her purple curtains, all befring'd with Gold ;  
 And from the pillow of his *Crocean* bed  
*Don Phœbus* rouzes his resulgent head,  
 That with his all-discerning eye surveys  
 And gilds the Mountains with his morning rays.  
 Now, now the wakeful Bridegroom (whose last night  
 Had made her shades too long) salutes the light,  
 Salutes

Salutes the welcome light, which now at length  
 Shall crown his heart with joys, beyond the strength  
 Of mortal language, whose religious fires  
 Shall light those Lovers to their wisht desires.

Up *Argalus*, and d'on thy nuptial weeds,  
 T'enjoy that joy from whence all joy proceeds,  
 Enter those joys, from whence all joy proceeds:  
 Up *Argalus*, and d'on thy nuptial weeds.

And thou fair Bride, more beauteous than the day,  
 Thy day is come, and *Hymen* calls away;  
 Awake and rouze thee from thy downy slumber:  
 Thy day is come, O may thy joys out-number  
 Thy minutes that are past, and to ensue;  
 Arise, and bid thy Maiden-bed adieu:  
 Put on thy nuptial robes, time calls away;  
 O may thy after-days be like this day.  
 By this bright *Phæbus* with redoubled glory  
 Had half-way mounted to the highest story  
 Of his *Olympick* Palace, there to see  
 This long expected days solemnity:  
 When all on sudden there was heard (around  
 From every quarter) the majestick sound  
 Of many trumpets; all, in consort running  
 One point of War, transcending far the cunning  
 Of mortal blasts, and what did seem more strange,  
 The shrill-mouth'd musick did as sudden change  
 To *Dorick* strains, to sweet mollitious airs,  
 To *Lyrick* songs and voices, like to theirs  
 That charm'd *Ulysses*, whilst the amazed ear  
 Stood ravish'd at these changes, it might hear  
 Those voices, (by degrees) transform'd to Lutes,  
 To Shalms, deep-throated Sackbuts, and to Flutes,  
 And echo-forcing Cornets, which surpass  
 The art of man; this harmony did last  
 Untill the Bridegroom came; but all men wondred  
 To hear the noise; some thought the Heavens had  
 To a new tune; and some more wiser ears (thundred  
 Conceiv'd it was the Musick of the Spheres:  
 All wondred, all men gaz'd, and all could hear:  
 But none knew whence the Musick was, or where.

Forth

Forthwith, as if a second Sun had rose,  
 And strove with greater Brightness to depose  
 The glory of the first, the Bridegroom came,  
 Usher'd along with Eagle-winged Fame,  
 Whose twice five hundred mouths did at one blast  
 Inspire a thousand Trumpets, as he past;  
 His nuptial vesture was of Scarlet-Dye,  
 So deep, as it would dazle a weak eye  
 To gaze upon't; to which the curious art  
 Of the laborious Needle did impart  
 So great a glory, that you might behold  
 A rising Sun, imboast with purest Gold:  
 From whence ten thousand trails of gold came down  
 In waving points, like Sun-beams from that Sun;  
 Thus from his chamber midst the vulgar croud  
 (Like *Titan*, breaking through a gloomy cloud)  
 The long expected Bridegroom came, and past  
 Th' amazed multitude, till at the last  
 His Herauld brought him to the Hall of State,  
 Where all th' *Arcadian* Nobles did await  
 To welcome his approach and to discharge  
 The louder volley of their joys at large:  
 The Hall was spacious, lightsome, and bestrow'd  
 With *Flora's* wealth, (a bounty that she ow'd  
 This glorious feast) the walls were richly clad  
 With curious Tap'stry (such as *Greece* ne're had  
 Before that day) wherein you might behold  
 Wrought to the life, in colour'd silk and gold,  
 This present story of these peerless Lovers,  
 Which like a silent Chronicle discovers  
 The several passages that did befall  
 'Twixt their first meeting and their Nuptial:  
 Devis'd and wrought by Virgins born in *Greece*,  
 Presented to this Triumph as a Piece  
 Devoted to the memory and fame  
 Of *Argalus* and his *Partheniaes* name;  
 No sooner was the Ceremony ended,  
 (Wherein each noble spirit more contended  
 To express affection, than affect the expression  
 Of courtly Rhet'rick in a bare profession

Of airy friendship) but a sudden shout  
 Of rudely mingled voices flew throughout  
 The spacious Castle, which confus'dly cry'd  
*Joy to Parthenia, to the fairest Bride.*  
 Forthwith (as if that Heaven had broken loose;  
 And Deities had meant to interpose  
 Their heavenly bodies with the mortal tribe  
 Of men, or else intending to ascribe  
 Their pers'nal honour to this Nuptial)  
 In more than princely state enters the Hall  
 A glorious shew of Ladies, all array'd  
 In rare and costly robes, and richly laid  
 With Gems unvalued; and each Lady wore  
 A scarf upon her arm, embroidered o're  
 With Gold and Pearl, thus hand in hand they pass  
 Into the Hall, but oft their eyes did cast  
 A backward look, as if their thoughts did minde  
 Some greater glory coming on behinde:  
 Next after them came in the Virgin crew  
 In milk-white robes (Virgins that never knew  
 The sacred myst'ries of the marriage-bed,  
 Nor finding trouble in a Maidenhead,  
 Ere lent a thought to nuptial joys till now)  
 Thus pass these buds of Nature, two by two,  
 Their long dishevelled tresses hanging down  
 With careless Art, and on each head a crown  
 Of golden Lawrel stood, their faces shrowded  
 Beneath a veil, seem'd as the stars were clouded.

Have ye beheld in frosty Winters even,  
 When all the lesser twinkling Lamps of Heaven  
 Are fully kindled, how the ruddy face  
 Of rising *Cynthia* looks? with what a grace  
 She views the throne of darkness, and aspires  
 Th'*Olympick* brow, amidst the smaller fires?  
 So after all these sparks of beauty came  
 (They were but sparks to such a glorious flame)  
 The fair *Parthenia*: Thus the Rose-cheek'd Bride  
 Enters the room, a milk-white veil did hide  
 Her blushing face, which ne'retheless discloses  
 Some glimpse of red, like Lawne o're-spreading. *Roses*  
 Thus

Thus enter'd she. The garments that she wore  
Were made of purple silk, bespangled o're  
With stars of purest gold, and round about  
Each several star went winding in and out  
A trail of orient pearl, so rarely wrought,  
That as the garments mov'd you would have thought  
The stars had twinkled; her dishevelled hair  
Hung down behind, as if the onely care  
Had been to reconcile Neglect and Art,  
Hung loosely down, and veil'd the backer part  
Of those her Sky-resembling robes; but so,  
That every breath would wave it to and fro  
Like flying clouds, through which you might discover  
Sometimes one glim'ring star, sometimes another:  
Thus on she went, her ample train supported  
By thrice three virgins, evenly siz'd and sort'd  
In purple robes; forthwith the Bridegroom ris'd  
From off his chair, bows down and sacrifices  
The peaceful offering of a morning kiss  
Upon her lips: *To such a Saint as this,*  
*O, what rebellious heart could chuse but bow,*  
*And offer freely the perpetual vow*  
*Of choice obedience?*

With that, each Noble moves him from his place,  
And with a posture, full of princely grace,  
Salutes the lovely Bride with words expressing  
The joyful model of a Kingdoms blessing.  
But heark! the *Hymenean* Trumpet sends  
Her latest summons forth: *Hymen* attends  
The noble pair, and is prepar'd to yoke  
Their promis'd hands; the sacred Altars smoke  
With Myrrh and Frankincense, the ways are strow'd  
With *Flora's* pride, and the expecting croud  
Have throng'd the streets, and every greedy eye  
Attends to see the Triumph passing by.  
At length the gates flew open; on this fashion  
Began the Triumph: First a Proclamation  
Was made, with a loud voice: *If any be*  
*Or Lord, or Knight, or whatsoever degree,*

*Professing Arms or Honour in the Land,  
 That at this time can challenge or pretend  
 A title to Partheniaes heart, or claime  
 A right or interest in her love or name,  
 Let him come forth in person, or appear  
 By noble Proxy, if not present here :  
 And by the excellent honour of a Knight,  
 He shall receive such honourable right  
 As the just sword can give : Let him now come  
 And speak, or else, for evermore be dumb.*

(came

*Thrice was it read ; which done, forthwith there  
 True honours Eagle-winged Herauld Fame,  
 Sounding a silver Trumps and as the past  
 She shook the earths foundation with a blast,*

*Next after whom in undissembled state  
 The Bridegroom came : On his right hand did wait  
 The God of War in martial robes of green,  
 All stain'd with bleeding hearts, as they had been  
 But newly wounded, and from every wound  
 Fresh bloud did seem to trickle on the ground :  
 And as the garments mov'd, each dying heart  
 Would seem to pant a while, and then depart :  
 Upon the Bridegrooms left hand there attended  
 Heavens Pursuivant, whose brawny arm extended  
 A winged Caduce ; he had scarce the might  
 To curb his feet : his feet were wing'd for flight :  
 Above his heads their hands did joyntly hold  
 A crimson Canopy embost with gold.  
 Next them, twice twenty famous Nobles follow'd,  
 Brave men at arms, whose names the world had hal-  
 For rare exploits, and twice as many Knights, (low'd  
 Whose blouds had ransom'd, and redeem'd the rights  
 Of wronged Ladies : these were all array'd  
 In robes of Needle-work, so rarely made,  
 That he which sees them thinks he doth behold  
 Armour of steel fair filleted with gold ;  
 And as they marcht their Squires did advance  
 Before each Knight his warlike Shield and Lance.*

*And after these, the princely Virgin-Bride,  
 On whom all eyes were fastened, did divide*

Her

Her gentle paces, being led between  
Two goddesses, the one array'd in green,  
On which the curious Needle undertook  
To make a forrest, here a bubling brook  
Divides two thickets, through the which doth fly  
The single Deer before the deep-mouth'd cry  
That closely follows : there, th'affrighted Herd  
Stands trembling at the mulick, and afeard  
Of every shadow, gazes to and fro,  
Not knowing where to stay, or where to go :  
Where, in a Landskip, you may see the Fauns :  
Following their crying mothers o're the Lawas :  
The other was in robes, the purer dy  
Whereof did represent the mid-day sky (beams  
Full of black clouds ; through which, the glorious  
Of the victorious Sun appears, and seems  
As 'twere to scatter, and at length to shed  
His brighter glory on a fruitful bed  
Of noisom weeds, from whence you might discern  
A thousand painful Bees extract and earn  
Their sweet provision, and with laden thighs  
To bear their waxy burdens : on this wise  
The princely Bride was led betwixt these two :  
The first was she that on *Athena's* brow  
Reveng'd her naked chastity ; the other  
Was she to whom *Jove's* pregnant brain was mother  
Through *Vulcan's* help, and these did jointly hold  
Upon her head a Coronet of gold :  
Whose train *Diana's* Virgin-crew, all crown'd  
With golden wreaths, supported from the ground :

Next after her upon the triumph waited  
An order, by *Diana's* new created,  
And stil'd, The Ladies of the Maiden-head,  
In white, wrought here and there with spots of red,  
And every spot appeared as a stain  
Of Lovers bloud, whom their coy hearts had slain :  
Rankt three and three, and on each head a Crown  
Of Primroses and Roses not yet blown.

Next whom the Beauties of the *Arcadian* Court  
March'd two and two, whose glory came not short

Of what th'unlimited and studied art  
Of glory-vying Ladies could impart]  
To such solemnities, where every one  
Strove to excell, and to b'excell'd of none.

Thus came they to the Temple where attended  
The sacred Priests, whose voices recommended  
The days success to Heaven, and did divide  
A blessing 'twixt the Bridegroom and the Bride  
Which done, and after low obeisance made,  
The first (while all the rest kept silence) said :

*Welcome to Juno's sacred Courts : Draw near :  
Unspotted Lovers, welcome : Do not fear  
To touch this holy ground , pass on secure :  
Our gates stand open to such guests as you 're :  
Our gracious Goddess grants you your desires,  
And hath accepted of these holy fires  
We offer'd in your name, and takes a pleasure  
To smell your Incense, in so great a measure  
Of true delight, that we are bold to say,  
She crowns your vows, and smiles upon this day.*

So said, they bowed to the ground, and blest  
Themselves ; that done, they singled from the rest  
The noble Bridegroom and his princely Bride,  
And said, *Our gracious Goddess be our guide,  
As we are yours : And as they spake that word,  
Their well-tun'd voices sweetly did accord  
With Musick from the Altar ; as along  
They pass, they gently warbled out this Song :*

*Thw in pomp and priestly pride,  
To glorious Juno's Altar go we :  
Thw to Juno's Altar shew we  
The noble Bridegroom and his Bride :  
Let Juno's hourly blessings send ye  
As much joy as can attend ye.*

*May these Lovers never want  
True joys, nor ever beg in vain  
Their choic desires, but obtain  
What they can wish, or she can grant.*



Let Juno's hourly blessing send ye  
As much joy as can attend ye.

From satiety, from strife,  
From jealousy, domestick jars,  
From those blows that leave no scars,  
Juno protect your marriage life,  
Let Juno's hourly blessing send ye  
As much joy as can attend ye.

Thus to Hymen's sacred bands,  
We commend your chaste desires,  
That as Juno link'd your hearts,  
So he would please to joyn your hands,  
And let both their blessings send ye  
As much joy as can attend ye.

No sooner was this nuptial Carol ended,  
But bowing to the ground, they recommended  
This princely pair (both prostrate on the floor)  
And with their hands presented them before:  
The sacred altar, whereunto they brought  
Two milk-white Turtles, and with prayers besought,  
That Juno's lasting favours would descend,  
And make their pleasures pleasures without end.

With that a horrid crack of dreadful thunder,  
Possess'd each trembling heart with fear and wonder,  
The Rafter of the holy Temple shook,  
As if accursed Archimagoes book  
(That cursed Legion) had been newly read;  
The ground did tremble, and a mist o'respread  
The darkned altar:  
At length deep silence did possess and fill  
The spacious Temple, all was whist and still:  
When from the clouded altar brake the sound  
Of heavenly musick, such as would confound  
With death, or ravishment, the earth-bred ears,  
Had not the Goddess given it strength to bear  
So strong a rapsyre. As the musick ended  
The mist on sudden vanish'd, and ascended

From whence it came. The altar did appear,  
 And ashes lying where the Turtles were :  
 Near which great *Hymen* stood, not seen before :  
 His purple mantle was embroidred o're (hold  
 With crowns of Thorn, mongst which you might be-  
 Some here and there, but very few of gold ;  
 Upon each little space, that did divide  
 The several Crowns, a *Gordian* knot was tide ;  
 And turning to the Priest he thus began :

*What mean these fumes ? Say, what hath mortal man  
 To do with us ? What great request ? what suite  
 Does now attend us, that they thus salute  
 Our nostrils, with such acceptable savours ?  
 Tell us, wherein do they implore the favours  
 Of the pleas'd gods ? for by the eternal throne  
 And majesty of heaven, it shall be done.*

Whereto, with bended knees, they thus reply'd ;  
 Great god ! this noble Bridegroom and this Bride,  
 Whom we, most humbly, here present before  
 Great *Juno's* sacred altar, do implore  
 Your gracious aid, that with your nuptial hands  
 Your grace would please to ty their promis'd hands.

With that he straight descends the holy stairs,  
 And with his widened arms, divides and shares  
 An equal blessing 'twixt them both, and said :

**N**oble Youth and lovely Maid,  
 Heaven accepts your pleasing fires,  
 And hath granted your desires :  
 By the mystery of our power,  
 First, we consecrate this bower  
 To *Juno's* name, that she would bless  
 Our prosperous actions with success.  
 With this Oyl (which we appoint  
 For holy uses) we anoint  
 Your temples, and with nuptial hands  
 Thus we firmly joyn your hands :  
 Be joyn'd for ever, and let none  
 Presume to undo, what we have done :

So joy'd till lawless Death shall sever  
Both hands and hearts ; be joy'd for ever :  
Eternal curses we allot  
To those, till then, shall loose this knot.

So said, he blest them both in Juno's name,  
And from their sight he vanish in a flame ;  
That done, they rose, and with new Fumes saluted  
The smocking altar : thrice they prostituted  
Their bended bodies on the holy ground,  
Where, sending forth the well-accepted sound  
Of Thanks and Vows from their divided heart,  
They kiss the sacred altar, and depart :  
And with the self-same Triumph as they came,  
Return'd, whilst the louder Trump of Fame  
With a full blast sends forth a shrill retreat,  
And re-conducts them to the Hall of State,  
Whose richly furnish'd Table would invite  
A bed-rid stomach to an appetite,  
And make the wasteful Glutton that does eat  
His unearn'd diet with his daily sweat,  
Behold his heaven in a more ample measure,  
Than he had hopes to purchase, with the treasure  
Of his best faith ; such were the dainties, such  
The viands, that I dare not think too much  
To term it Paradise, where all things did  
Offer themselves, and nothing was forbid :  
Soon as the Marshal of this princely feast  
Had in his rightful seat plac'd every guest,  
A soft harmonious rapture did confine  
All tongues with wonder, as a thing divine :

Forthwith, with joyned hands and smiling faces,  
With habits more unequal than their paces  
A jolly pair drew near the Table ; th' one  
In green : His pamper'd body had out-grown  
His seam-ript garments, all embroider'd over. (over  
With spreading Vines, whose fruitful leaves did cover  
Their swelling Clusters ; his out-strutting eyes  
Star'd in his head ; his Dropsie-swollen thighs  
Quagg'd as he went ; his purple-colour'd snout  
Was deeply furnish'd and enrich'd about

With Carbuncles, around his brows did twine  
Full laden cluſters raviſht from the Vine.

The other was a Lady, whom the Sun  
With his bright rays had too much gaz'd upon :  
The colour of her ſilken mantle was

Twixt green and yellow, like the fading graſs,  
On which were wrought incloſed fields of corn,  
Some reapt, ſome bound in ſheaves, & ſome unſown ;  
Well-favour'd was her count'nance, plump & round :  
Her golden trefſes dangled to the ground ;  
Her temples bound with full-ripe ears of Wheat,  
Wreath'd like a garland ; frequent drops of ſweat  
Down from her ſwarthy brows did ſlily trickle,  
And in her Sun-burnt hand ſhe bare a Sickle :  
Thus uſher'd with a Bag-pipe to the table,  
They both ſtood mute ; Bacchus as yet unable  
To challenge language from his breathleſs tongue,  
Till ſmiling Ceres thus began the Song :

**W**elcome faireſt Virgin-Bride,

Welcome to our jolly Feaſt :

Take what Ceres did provide

For ſo fair, ſo fair a Gueſt.

**Bacch.** Taſte what Bacchus did provide

For ſo fair, ſo fair a Gueſt.

Welcome faireſt Virgin-Bride,

Welcome to our jolly Feaſt.

**Chor.** Our conjoyned bounties do

Make Mars ſmile and Venus too.

**Ceres.** Welcome noble Bridegroom hither ;

Worlds of bliſs and joy attend ye ;

Freely welcome both together.

See what Ceres bounty ſends ye,

Freely welcome both together.

**Bacch.** See what Bacchus bounty ſends ye ;

Welcome noble Bridegroom hither ;

Worlds of bliſs and joy attend ye.

**Chor.** Our conjoyned bounties do

Make Mars ſmile, and Venus too.

Ceres

**Book 3. Argalus and Parthenia.**

**Ceres.** Here is that, whose sweet variety  
Gives you pleasure and delight :  
Makes you full without satiety :  
Wakes the day, and bastes the night,

**Bacch.** This will rouse the man of war,  
When the Drum shall beat in vain,  
When his spirits drooping are,  
This will make him rise again.

**Chor.** You that jointly do inherit  
Venus beauty, Mars his spirit,  
Freely taste our bounty ; so  
Mars shall smile, and Venus too.

The Song thus ended, joyning hands together,  
They bow'd and vanish, none knew how, nor whither.  
To make relation of each quaint devise,  
That art presented their unwearied eyes :  
The nature of their mirth, of their discourse :  
The dainties of the first, the second course :  
The secret glances of the Bridegrooms eye  
On his fair Bride, how oft he blusht, and why,  
Were but to rob the Bridegroom of his right,  
Who counts each hour a Summers day till night.  
Me thinks it grieves me that my Pen should wrong  
Poor Lovers disappointed hopes so long :  
And it repents me so, that oftentimes  
Me thinks I could be angry with my rimes,  
And for the cruel sins that they commit  
In being tedious, come I wish unwrit :  
Let it suffice, what glory, what delight,  
What state, or what to please the appetite,  
The eye, the ear, the fancy ; in a word,  
What joy so short a season could afford  
To well-prepared hearts, was here express  
In this our Nuptial, this our princely feast.

Thus when the board was voided, and the Sewar  
Had now resign'd his office with the Ewer,  
The curious Linnen gone ; and all the rights  
Perform'd, that long to festival delights :  
The light-foot *Hermes* enters in the Hall,  
Holds forth the Caduce, and adjures them all

To depth of silence ; tells them, 'tis his task,  
To let them know, the Gods intend a Mask,  
To grace these Nuptials ; and with that he spread  
His air-dividing pinions and fled.

*When silence thus had charmed every ear  
With wonder and attention, they might hear  
The winged Choristers of night about,  
In every corner sweetly warbling out  
Their Philomelian airs, and wilder note,  
Which nature taught them to divide by rote ;  
So that the Hall did seem a shady Grove,  
Wherein by turns th'ambitious Choir strove  
To excell themselves.*

*While thus their ears were feeding with delight  
Upon these strains, the Goddess of the Night  
Enters the Scene : Her body was confin'd  
Within a coal-black Mantle, throw-lin'd  
With sable Furs : her tresses were of hewn  
Like Ebony, on which a pearly dew  
Hung like a Spiders web, her face did shroud  
Her swarth Complexion underneath a Cloud  
Of black curl'd Cypress ; on her head she wore  
A Crown of burnisht Gold, beshaded o'er  
With fogs and hoary mists ; her hand did bear  
A Scepter and a sable Hemisphere :  
She sternly shook her dewy locks, and brake  
A mien holy smile, and thus bespake :*

Drive on, drive on, (dull Waggoner) let slip  
Your looser reins, and use thine idle whip,  
Thy pamper'd Steeds are pursie, drive away,  
The lower world thinks long to see the day :  
Darkness befits us best ; and our delight  
Will relish far more sweeter in the night :  
Approach (ye blessed Shadows) and extend  
Your early Jurisdiction, and befriend  
Our nightly sports : Approach, make no delay  
It is your Queen your Sovereign calls away.  
With that a sudden Darkness fill'd the Hall :  
The light was banish'd, and the windows all.

So nearly clos'd their eye-lids round about  
 That day could not get in, nor darkness out;  
 Thw while the death-resembling shades of night  
 Had drawn their misty Curtains 'twixt the light  
 And every darkned eye, which wou'd deny'd  
 To see, but that, which darkness could not hide:  
 The jealous god, fearing he knows not whom,  
 (Indeed whom fears he not?) enters the room,  
 And with his club-foot groping in the shade  
 Of night, he mutter'd forth these words, and said:

Where is that wanton Halot now become?  
 Is light so odious to her? or is home  
 So homely in her wandring eyes, that she  
 Must still be rambling, where unknown to me?  
 Can nothing be concluded, nothing done,  
 But intermeddling Venus must be one?  
 Is't not enough that Phabus does applaud  
 Her lust, but must Nights goddess be her baud,  
 Darkness be gone, thou Patroness to Lust:  
 If fair means may not rid thee, fouler must,  
 Away; my power shall out-charm thy charms;  
 Ile finde her panting in her Lovers arms.  
 Enter you Lamplets of terrestrial fire,  
 And let your golden heads (at least) conspire,  
 To counterfeit a day, and on the night  
 Revenge the wrongs of Phabus with your light.

So said, the darkned Hall was garnisht round  
 With lighted Tapers: Every object found  
 An eye to own it, and each eye was fill'd  
 With pleasure in the object it beheld.

As these deviceful changes did incite  
 Their quickned fancies with a fresh delight,  
 Morpheus came in, his dreaming pace was so  
 That none could say he mov'd, he mov'd so slow.  
 His folded arms atwart his breast did knit  
 A sluggards knot, his nodding chin did hit  
 Against his panting bosom, as he pass'd;  
 And oftentime his eyes were closed fast;  
 He wore a Crown of Poppy on his head,  
 And in his head he bore a Mine of Lead.

He yawned thrice, and after homage done  
To nights black Sovereign, he thus begun :

Great Empress of the World, To whom I ow  
My self, my service, my perpetual vow ;  
Before the footstool of whose dreadful throne  
The Princes of this lower world lay down  
Their Crowns and Scepters ; whose victorious hand  
In twice twelve hours did conquer and command  
This globe of earth, your servant (whose dependance  
Quickens his power) comes to give attendance  
Upon the early shadows ; and to seise  
Upon these wearied mortals, when you please  
T'appoint ; till then, your servant is at hand  
To put in execution your command.

To whom the smiling Gods thus reply'd :

Morpheus, Our pleasure is to set aside  
This night to mirth and time-beguiling sports ;  
Our sleep-restraining business much imports  
Your welcome absence, whilst our ear shall number  
The flying hours ; our mirth admits no slumber.  
The world scarce ended, but the Queen of Love  
Descended from her unseen seat above :

In her fair hand she led her winged Son,  
And like a full-moon'd tempest thus begun :

Disloyal Sycophant, Deaths bastard-brother,  
Accursed spawn, cast from as curs'd a mother ;  
That with thy base impostures risest man  
Of half his days, of half that little span  
Nature hath lent his life, that with thy wiles  
Hugg'st him to death, betray'st him with thy smiles,  
What mak'st thou here, and to usurp my right,  
Perfidious Caitiff ? Vow day is night :  
Go to the frozen World, where mans desire  
Is made of ice, and melts before the fire,  
Yet be're the warmer ; Go, and visit fools,  
Or phlegmatick old age, whose spirit cools  
As quickly as their breath ; Go, what have we  
To do (dull Morpheus) with thy Mace, or thee  
As lead-n as thy Mace ? Th'art made for nought,  
But to still children, or to ease the thought



Of brain-sick Phranticks; or with joys to flatter  
 Poor slumbring souls; which wak'd finde no such mat-  
 Go, succour those, that vent by quick retail (ret.  
 Their wits upon dear peny-worths of Ale:  
 Or marrowed Eunuchs whose adust desire  
 Wants means to slake the fury of their false fire.  
 O that I were a Basilisk, that I  
 Might dart my venome, or else venom'd dy.

Boy, bend thy bowe, and with thy forked dart  
 Drawn to the head, thrill, thrill him to the heart:  
 Let fly Deaths arrow, or if thou hast none,  
 In Deaths name send an arrow of thine own:  
 We are both wrong'd, and in the same degree:  
 Shoot then at once, revenge thy self and me.

*With that the little angry god did bend  
 His steelen bowe, and in Deaths name did send  
 His winged messenger, whose faithfull haste  
 Dispatcht his resful errand, and stuck fast  
 Within his pierced Liver, and did hide  
 His singeing feathers in his wounded side.  
 Morpheus fell down: as dead, and on the ground  
 Lay for a little season in a swoond,  
 Gassing for breath. And Lovers dreams (they say)  
 Have evermore been wanton since that day:  
 Venus was pleas'd: the goddess of the night  
 Grew angry, she would needs resign her righe  
 Of government, and in a spieen threw down  
 Her Hemisphere, her Scepter, and her Crown:  
 And with a dusky fog she did besmear  
 The face of Venus, soil'd her golden hair  
 With her black shades, and with foul terms revil'd  
 Both her, her cuckold-mate, and bastard-childe:  
 Whereat the god of war being much offended,  
 Forsook both seat and patience, and descended:  
 And to the world he proffer'd to make good  
 Fair Venus honour, with his dearest blood:  
 To whom poor Vulcan (puffing in a rage,  
 To hear his well-known fortune on the stage)  
 Scrail'd many a thank: and with his crouching knee  
 Profess'd true love to such true friends as he,*

And

And ever since, experience lets us know,  
Cuckolds are kinde to such as make them so.

By this god Morpheus waking from his frownd,  
Began to groan, and from his aking wound  
Drew forth the hurried shaft, but Mars (whose word  
Admits no other Second but his Sword)  
Unsheath'd his furious Brandiron, and let fly  
A blow at Morpheus head, which had well nigh  
Clowen him in twain, had not the Queen of Night  
Hur'd hastily mists before his darkned sight:  
So that the Sword by a false-guided aim,  
Struck Vulcan's foot, which ever since was lame;  
At last the gods came down, and thought it good  
To nip this early quarrel in the bud:  
Who feaving uproars with a friendly cup  
Of blest Nepenthe, took the quarrel up:  
And for th' offence committed did proclame  
This Sentence in offended Juno's name.

Morpheus from hence is banisht for this night,  
And not t' approach before the morning-light:  
Mars is exil'd for ever as a guest  
Adjudg'd unfitting for a Mariage-feast.  
Cupid is doom'd to rome and rove about  
To the worlds end, and both his eyes put out.  
Venus is censur'd to perpetual night  
And not (unless by stealth) to see the light:  
Her chiefest joy to be but pleasing folly,  
Perform'd with madness, dog'd with melancholly.

And here the Musick did invite their paces  
To measure time, and by exchange of places  
To lead the curious beholders eye  
A willing captive to variety.

Thus with the sweet vicissitude of mirth  
They spent the time, as if that Heaven and Earth  
Had studied to please man in such a measure  
That Art could not do more, & augment their pleasure;  
And so they vanish.

Now Ceres Evening bounty reinvites  
Her noble guests to her renew'd delights;

And

And frolick Bacchus, to refresh their souls  
 With a full hand presents his swelling bowls.  
 Wine came unwisht, like water from a source;  
 And delicates were mingled with discourse.  
 What art could do to make a welcome guest,  
 Was liberally presented at that Feast.

It was no sooner ended, but appears  
 An old grey Pilgrim deeply struck in years,  
 In tatter'd garments; in his wrinkled hand  
 An Hour-glass, lab'ring with her latest sand;  
 Beneath his arm a Buffen Knap-sack hung  
 Stuft full of Writings in an unknown tongue,  
 Chronologies, out-dated Almanacks,  
 And Patents, that had long surviv'd their Wax;  
 Unto his shoulders Eagle-wings were joyn'd:  
 His head ill-thatcht before, but bald behind;  
 And leaning on his crooked Scithe, he made  
 A little pause, and after that he said:

*Mortals 'tis out, my Glass is run,  
 And with it the day is done;  
 Dark shadows have expell'd the light,  
 And my Glass is turn'd for night:  
 The Queen of Darknes bids me say,  
 Mirth is fitter for the day;  
 Upon the day, such joys attend,  
 With the day such joys must end,  
 Think not Darknes goes about,  
 Like Death, to puff your pleasures out;  
 No, no, she'll lend you new delights,  
 She hath pleasures for the nights.  
 When as her shadows shall benight ye,  
 She hath what shall still delight ye:  
 Aged Time shall make it known,  
 She hath dainties of her own:  
 'Tis very late, away, away,  
 Let day-sports expire with day:  
 For this time we adjourn your Feast:  
 The Bridegroom fain would be at rest;  
 And if the night-pastimes displease ye,  
 Day will quickly come and ease ye,*

With that a sweet Vermilion tincture stain'd  
 The Brides fair cheeks: the more that she restrain'd  
 Her blush, the more her disobedient blood  
 Did overflow; as if a second flood  
 Had meant to rise, and for a little space,  
 To drown that world of beauty in her face:  
 She blusht, (but knew not why) and like the Moon  
 She look'd most red upon her going down.

But see, the smiling Ladies do begin  
 To joyn their whisp'ring heads, as there had been  
 A plot of treason; till at length unspi'd,  
 They stole away the unwilling-willing Bride.  
 Their busie hands unrob'd her, and so led  
 The timorous Virgin to her nuptial bed.

By this, the Nobles having recommended  
 Their tongues to silence, their discourse being ended  
 They look'd about, and thinking to have done  
 Their service to the Bride, the Bride was gone:  
 And now the Bridegroom (unto whom delay  
 Seem'd worse than death) could brook no longer  
 Attended by his noble guests he enters (stays  
 That room, where th'interchangeable Indentures  
 Of dearest love, lay ready to be seal'd  
 With mutual pleasures not to be reveal'd,  
 His garments grew too tedious, and their weight  
 (Not able to be born) do over-fraight  
 His weary shoulders: *Atlas* never stoop  
 Beneath a greater burden, and not droopt:  
 No help was wanting, for he did receive  
 What sudden aid he could expect, or have  
 From speedy hands, from hands that did not waste  
 The time, unless (perchance) by over-haste:  
 Mean while, a dainty warbling breast, not strong,  
 As sweet, presents his *Epithalmion* Song.

*Man of war, march bravely on  
 The Field's not easie to be won:  
 There's no danger in that war,  
 Where Lips, both Swords and Bucklers are.  
 Here's no cold to chill thee,*

A bed of Down's thy Field;  
 Here's no Sword to kill thee,  
 Unless thou please so yield,  
 Here is nothing will incumber,  
 Here will be no fars to number.  
 These be wars of Cupid's making  
 These be wars will keep you waking,  
 Till the early breaking day.  
 Call your forces hence, away.

These be wars that make no spoil,  
 Death here shoots his shafts in vain;  
 Though the Souldiers get a foil,  
 He will rouse and fight again.  
 These be wars that never cease,  
 But conclude a mutual peace.

Let benign and prosperous Stars,  
 Breathe success upon these wars,  
 And when thrice three moneths be run,  
 Be thou a Father of a Son:

A Son that may derive from thee  
 The honour of true merit,  
 And may to ages, yet to be,  
 Convey thy bloud, thy spirit:  
 Making the glory of his fame  
 Perpetuate and crown thy name,  
 And give it life in spite of death  
 When fame shall want both trump and breath.

Have you beheld in a fair Summers Even,  
 The golden-headed Charitor of Heaven,  
 With what a speed his prouder reins do bend  
 His panting Horses to their journeys end?  
 How red he looks, with what a swift casere  
 He hurries to the lower Hemisphere,  
 And in a moment shoots his golden head  
 Upon the pillow of blushing *Thetis* bed:  
 Even so the Bridegroom (whose desire had wings  
 More swift than Time) switcht on with pleasure  
 Into his nuptial bed; and look how fast (springs  
 The stooping Faulcon clips, and with what haste

Her

Her talons seize upon the timorous prey,  
Even so his arms (impatient of delay)  
His circling arms embrac'd his blushing Bride,  
While she (poor Soul) lay trembling by his side.

The Bridegroom now grows weary of his guests,  
What mirth of late was pleasing, now molests  
His tired patience: Too much sweet offends  
Sometimes to be forsaken of our friends,  
In Cupid's Morals, is observ'd to be  
The fruits of friendship, in the best degree.  
And thus at last, the Curtains being clos'd,  
They left them each in others arms repos'd.

And here my Muse bids draw our Curtains too

'Tis unfit to see what private Lovers do:

Reader, let not thy thoughts grow over-rank,  
But veil thy understanding with a blank  
Think not on what thou think'st; and if thou canst,  
Yet understand not what thou understand'st,  
Sow not thy fruitful heart with so poor seeds;  
Or if, perchance (unsown) they spring like weeds,  
Use them like weeds, thou know'st not how to kill;  
Slight them, and let them thrive against thy will;  
View them like evils, that Art cannot prevent,  
But see thou take no pleasure in their scent,  
And one thing more, when as the morning-light  
Shall bring the bashful Bride into thy sight,  
Be not too cruel; Let no wanton eye  
Disturb, and wrong her conscious modesty;  
And if she blush, examine not for what;  
Nay, though thou see it (Reader) see it not.

And shall our story discontinue here?

Or want a period till another year?

Shall we befriend these Lovers, with the night,  
And leave them buried in their own delight,  
And so conclude? No it shall ne're be sed,  
That marriage joy ends in the marriage-bed:

Fond and adulterate is that love which founds  
Her happiness on such unstable grounds:

And like a sudden blaze it never lasts,  
But as the pleasure waxes cold, it wastes,

Now

Now *Argalus* awakes, and now the light  
Is even as welcome to him as the night :  
His eyes are fixt upon his lovely Bride,  
While she lies sweetly slumbring by his side :  
She sleeps, he views her : thrice his minde is bent  
To call *Parthenia*, and thrice it did repent :  
Sometimes his lips with a stoln kiss would greet  
Her guiltless lips : (They say, Stoln goods are sweet)  
At length she wakes, and hides her blushing cheeks  
In his warm bosom, where she safely seeks  
For Sanctuary, whereunto should fly  
The guilt of her protested modesty :  
He smiles, and whispers in her deafned ear ,  
(Women can understand and yet not hear)  
He speaks, but she (even whilst his lips were breaking  
Their words) with hers, did stop his lips from speaking.  
When thrice three Suns had now almost out-worn  
The rare solemnities that did adorne  
These princely Nuptials, and had made report,  
Grow something sparing in th' *Arcadian* Court,  
The Bridegroom whose endeavours were address'd,  
To practise what might please his fair Bride best,  
Resolv'd to leave *Kalandar's* house, and crown  
*Parthenia* sole Commandress of her own ;  
Long was it ere *Kalandar's* liberal ear  
Could be unlockt ; it had no power to hear  
The good farewell ; Still *Argalus* intreated,  
And fram'd excuses ; which he soon defeated  
But as the stout *Alcides* did cashier  
One rising head, another would appear :  
Even so, whilst his ingenuous love did smother  
One cause of parting he would finde another.  
*Kalandar* thus at last, (being over-wrought  
With words, which importunity had taught  
Inexorable *Argalus*) was fain  
To yield, what he so long gain-said in vain.  
'Tis now concluded *Argalus* must go,  
But yet *Kalandar* must not leave them so :  
There is no parting till the aged Sire  
Shall warm his fingers by *Parthenias* fire.

*Parthenia* lues, *Kalandar* must not rest,  
Till he become *Partheniaes* promis'd guest.

The morrow next, when *Titan's* early ray  
Had given fair earnest of a fairer day :  
And with his trembling beams had reposset  
The eyes of mortals, newly rouz'd from rest,  
They left *Kalandar's* castle, and that night  
Arriv'd they at the Palace of Delight :  
(For so 'twas call'd) it was a goodly seat,  
Well chosen, not capacious, as neat :  
Yet it was large enough to entertain  
A potent Prince, with all his princely train :  
It seem'd a Centre to a Park well stor'd  
With Deer, whose well-thriven bounty did afford  
Continual pleasure and delight ; nay, what  
That earth calls good, this Seat afforded not ?  
Th' impatient Faulkoner here may learn to say  
Forgotten prayers, and bless him every day.  
The patient angler, here, may tire his wish,  
And (if he please) may swear, and yet catch fish.  
The sneaking Fowler may go boldly on,  
And ne're want sport untill his powder's done :  
And to conclude, there was no stint, no measure :  
To th' old mans profit, or the young mans pleasure :  
Thither this night the nuptial troop is gone :  
And now *Partheniaes* welcome to her own.  
But would you hear what entertainment past :  
Conceive it rather ; for my quill would waste  
Th' unthriving stock of my bespoken time,  
While such free bounty cannot stand with rime :  
But that which most did season and imbellish  
Their choice delights, and gave the truest relish  
To their best mirth and pleasures, was to see  
With what a sweet conjugal harmony  
All things were carried : every word did prove  
To add some acquisition to their love :  
So one they were, that none could justly say,  
Which of them rul'd, or whether did obey :  
He rul'd, because she would obey : and she,  
In thus obeying, rul'd as well as he ;

What



What pleased him would need no other cause  
To please her too, but onely her applause ;  
A happy pair, whose double life but one :  
Made one life double, and the single, none.

Thus when th'unconstant Lady of the night  
Had chang'd her sharpened horns, for an orb of light :

*Kalandar* (whose occasions grew too strong,  
And may not be dispens'd withall too long)  
Takes leave, and, (being equal heavy-hearted  
With sad *Parthenia* for his haste) departed :

But *Argalm* (who never yet could own  
Himself with more advantage than alone)  
And fair *Parthenia* (whose well-pleas'd desire  
Hopes nothing else, if *Argalm* be by her)

Need not the help of any to augment  
The better joys of their retir'd content :

Sometimes the curious Garden would invite  
Their gentle paces to her proud delight : (pleasure  
Sometimes the well-fior'd Park would change their  
And tender to her view, their light-foot treasure :

Where th'unmolested Herb would seem to stand,  
An crave a death at fair *Parthenia's* hand :

Sometimes her steps would climb th'ambitious Tower  
From whose aspiring too they might discover  
A little Common-wealth of Land, which none

But *Argalm* durst challenge as his own :

Sometimes (for change of pleasure) he would read  
Selected stories, whilest her ears would feed  
Upon his lips, and now and then a kiss

Would interpose like a *Parentbesis*  
Between their semi-circled arms, inclos'd :

(*O what dull spirit could be dispos'd  
To read such lines !*) and whilest upon the book  
His eyes were fix'd, her pleas'd eyes would look  
Upon the peaceful Reader, and elpy  
A story far more pleasing in his eye.

Upon a day as they were closely seated,  
Her ears attending, whilest her lips repeated  
A story, treating the renown'd adventures  
And famous acts of great *Alcides*, enters

A messenger, whose countenance did bewray  
 A haste too serious to admit delay :  
 His hand presents him Letters, which did bring  
 Their sealed errand from th' Arcadian King :  
 Whereat Parthenia rose, and kept aside :  
 Her thoughts were troubled ; ever as she ey'd  
 The messenger, her colour comes and goes.  
 Parthenia fears, and yet Parthenia knows  
 Not what to fear : her jealous heart knows how  
 To fear an evil, because it fears to know :  
 And as he read the lines, her eye was fixt  
 Upon his eye, which seem'd to strive betwixt  
 A thousand thwarting passions : Once he cast  
 His eyes upon her, and finding hers so fast  
 On his, he blusht, she blusht, both blusht together,  
 Because they blusht for what's unknown to either.  
 The Letter being read, (and having kiss'd  
 Basilus name) he speedily dismiss'd  
 The messenger, with promise to obey  
 Basilus just commands without delay :  
 That done, he took Parthenia by the hand,  
 His dear Parthenia, by the trembling hand,  
 And to her greedy eye he straight presents  
 The Paper ; ballast'd with its sad content :  
 Parthenia with a fearful slowness took it :  
 And with a fearful haste did overlook it :  
 Her face being blanch'd with the pallid signs  
 Of what she fear'd too soon, she read these lines,

Basilus Rex.

Whereas the famous and victorious name  
 Of great Amphialus makes the trump of fame  
 Breathe nothing but his conquests and renown :  
 Whose lawless actions Fortune strives to crown  
 (In spite of Justice) with a Victors merit,  
 Respecting more the greatness of his Spirit,  
 Than justness of his cause ; so the dishonour  
 Of virtue, and all such as wait upon her.  
 And furthermore, whereas his power is known  
 To pugn the welfare of our State and Crown.

With

With strong rebellion, to the high advancement  
 Of his distoyal glory, and enhancement  
 Of his perfidious name, the great increase  
 Of factions and disturbance of our peace:  
 Likewise, whereas his high prevailing band  
 (Against the force whereof no flesh can stand)  
 Could ne're be equall'd yet, much o'recome:  
 But with loud triumph still does carry home  
 The spoil of our lost honour, to the shame  
 Of his rebellious glory, and our shame:  
 We therefore in our princely care perpending  
 The serious premisses, and much depending  
 On your known courage, have selected you  
 To stand our Champion Royal, and renew  
 Our wasted honour, with your Sword and Lance  
 In equal Duel: thus you shall advance  
 The glorious pitch of your renowned name  
 With the brave purchase of eternal fame:  
 In this you shall revive our dying glory,  
 And live the subject of this ages story  
 (Which shall be read till time shall have an end)  
 And is Basilius your perpetual friend.

To our Right Trusty and Noble  
 Kinsman *Argalus*,

But as she read, her tears did trickle down  
 Upon the lines, as if they meant to drown  
 Th'unwelcome message, and at length, she said,

Alas me (my *Argalus*) was't this you wrote  
 Such haste to answer? Did that answer need  
 To be returned with so great a speed?  
 Can you, O can you be so quickly won  
 To leave your poor *Parthenia*, and be gone?

To whom resolved *Argalus* (whose eye  
 Was fixt upon his honour) made reply,  
 My dear *Parthenia*, were it to obtain  
 The unsund' wealth of *Pluto*, or to gain  
 The sovereignty of the Earth without expence  
 Of blood or sweat, without the least pretence  
 Of danger, my ambition would despise  
 The easie conquest of so great a prize.

If purchas'd by thy discontent, or by  
 The poorest tear that trickles from thine eye,  
 But to recall my promise, or forsake  
 That resolution honour bids me make  
 In this behalf, or to betray that trust  
 Repos'd in me, the Gods would be unjust,  
 (And not themselves) if they should but command  
 Or urge me, with an over-swaying band :  
 My dear Parthenia, Let no false suggestion  
 Abuse thy passion ; or presume to question  
 My dearest love, though honour bids me part,  
 Yet honour cannot rob thee of my heart :  
 Honour that calls me with her loud alarms,  
 Will bring me back with triumph to thine arms.  
 So said, the sad Parthenia (whose tears  
 Are turn'd Lieutenants to her tongue) forbears  
 To tempt her Language ; Grievs that are but small  
 Can speak, but great ones cannot vent at all.  
 But tender-hearted Argalm (to whom  
 Such silence speaks too loud) forsook the room :  
 And with a breast, as full of pensive care  
 As honour, gave directions to prepare  
 His warlike Steed, his martial attire,  
 And all things, such employment does require.

And here, O thou, thou great supreme Protectress  
 Of bolder spirits, and the sole directress  
 Of lofty flying quills, which shall derive  
 To after-times what glorious swords achieve :  
 And mak'st the actions of heroic spirits  
 Perpetuate, and crown their names, their merits :  
 Illustrious Clio, aid me and inspire  
 My ragged rhimes with thy diviner fire :  
 Teach me to raise my stile, and to attain  
 A pitch that may transcend the vulgar strain :  
 Reach me a quill rent from an Eagles wing,  
 And let my ink be blood, that I may sing  
 Death to the life : Let him that reads, expon'd  
 Each dash a sword, and every word a wound.

By this the Champion royal had put on  
 His martial weeds, but hasting to be gone,

The poor *Parthenia*, whose cold fit once past,  
(Like those in Agues) now does burn as fast.  
She leaves the lonely room, and coming out  
She findes her *Argalus* inclos'd about  
With glittering walls of Steel, apparell'd round  
In his bright arms (whom she had rather found  
Lockt up in hers) and wanting nothing now  
But what her lips could not poor soul allow  
Without a sea of tears, her last farewell,  
She ran unto him, wept, and weeping fell  
Upon her knees, she claspt him by the arm,  
And looking up she thus began to charm:

*My Argalus, my Argalus, my Dear?*

*And wilt thou go, and leave Parthenia here?*

*Wilt thou forsake me then? and can these tears*

*Not intercede betwixt thy deafned ears*

*And my sad fate? Canst thou, O canst thou go*

*And leave thy poor distressed Parthenia so?*

*Parthenia sues, Parthenia does implore,*

*Parthenia begs, that never beg'd before:*

*Remember, O remember you are now*

*Under the power of a sacred vow:*

*Honour must stoop to vows, which once being crackt*

*You cannot do an honourable act:*

*I have a right unto you: you are mine:*

*I have that int'rest which Ile ne're resign*

*Till death: Ile never hazard to forego*

*My whole estate of happiness at one throw:*

*No, no, I will not: I will hold thee fast*

*In sight of honour, and her nine days blast:*

*Your former acts have given sufficient proof*

*To the wide world; your valour's known enough*

*Without a further trial; there's enow*

*To lose their lives (lest worthy) besides you:*

*'Twas then a time for arms, when you had none,*

*None other left to venture, but your own:*

*Excuse me then, that onely do endeavour*

*To hold mine own, which now I must, or never:*

*Mine, mine you are, and you can undertake*

*No danger, but Parthenia must partake.*

Shall your Parthenia be endanger'd then ?  
 Parthenia shall be present, even when  
 The strokes fall thickest ; and Parthenia shall  
 Suffer whate'er to Argalus may befall :  
 Parthenia, in your greatest pain, shall smart ;  
 Your blood shall trickle from Parthenia's heart.  
 Can prayers obtain no place, & by this dear hand,  
 The sacred Pledge of our conjugal band,  
 By all the pleasures of our dearest love :  
 By heaven, and all the heavenly powers above ;  
 Or if those motives cannot finde a room,  
 Yet by the tender fruit that in my womb  
 Begins to bud, or if ought else appear  
 To thy best thoughts more precious or more dear,  
 By that forsake me not, although the rest  
 Prevail not, Grant this first, this last request.

To whom the broken-hearted Argalus,  
 Wearied, but not o'recome, made answer thus :  
 My dear Parthenia, thy desires never  
 Gainsaid my will, till now . Do not persevere  
 To crave that boon I cannot grant : Forbear  
 To urge me : Resolution hath no ear.  
 Weep not (my Joy) let not these drops of thine,  
 That trickle from so fair an eye, divine  
 A foul success : Cheer up, a smile or two  
 Would make me half a Conquerour, ere I go :  
 Shine forth, and let no envious cloud benight  
 The glorious luster of so fair a light :  
 Doubt not my life ; the justness of my cause,  
 That brings me on, will quit me with applause :  
 Fear not, that such a blessing, such a wife  
 Was e're intended for so short a life ;  
 Expect my safe return, as quick, as glorious :  
 My Genius tells me, I shall live victorious.

So said, as if that passion had forgot  
 Her mother-tongue, her tongue replied not :  
 But like to one new-stricken with the thunder,  
 She stood betwixt amazement, fear and wonder :  
 His lips took leave, and as his arms surrounded  
 Her feeble waist, she strait fell down, and swooned :

But *Argalus* transported with the tide  
 And tyranny of honour, could abide  
 No longer stay; he trusts her to the guard  
 Of her own women; left her, and repair'd  
 Unto the Camp, wherein he spent some days  
 In parly with *Amphialus*, and assays  
 By all perswasive means, to make him yield  
 To just demands, and not to stain the field  
 With needless blood; but finding him unapt  
 For peaceful counsel (being strongly rapt  
 With his own fame) and scorning to afford  
 His ear to any language but the sword  
 He ceas'd t'advise him; and (enforc'd to try  
 A rougher Dialect) wrote him this Desir:

*Renown'd Amphialus,*

If strong perswasions, backt with Reasons<sup>t</sup> could  
 Been honour'd with your ear, your wisdom would,  
 In yielding to so fair a peace have won  
 As ample glory as your sword hath done:  
 You should have conquer'd souls, where now at most  
 You can subdue but bodies that have lost  
 The power to resist: but since my suit,  
 Sown on so barren soil, can finde no fruit;  
 Receive a mortal challenge from a hand,  
 Whose justice takes a glory to withstand  
 So foul a cause, and labours to subdue  
 Your heedless errors, whilst it honours you:  
 Compose you then, to make a reparation,  
 According to your noble wonted fashion:  
 And think not slight of ne're so weak an arm  
 That strikes, when justice strikes up her alarm.

*Argalus.*

No sooner had he read it, but his pen,  
 With noble speed return'd these lines agen:

Much more renowned *Argalus*,  
 Your faithful servant, whose victorious brow  
 Was never daunted yet, is daunted now  
 By your brave courtesie, being stricken dumb  
 At your rare worth, and fairly overcome.

Yes

Yet doubting not the justness of my cause  
 (That's over-ruled by the sacred Laws  
 Of dearest love) shall give my Sword the power  
 Even to maintain it to the latest hour :  
 I shall expect your coming in the Ile,  
 Where, with a heart, (not poyson'd with the bile  
 Or gall of malice) with my dearest blood  
 Your servant shall be ready to make good  
 His just designs ; assured of no less  
 Than treble fame, if crown'd with success ;  
 If not, there's no dishonour can accrue  
 In being conquer'd, and o'recome by you.

Amphialus.

Soon after *Argalus*, (whose blond did boil  
 To be in action) comes into the Ile ;  
 Clad in white armour, gilt and strangely drest  
 With knots of womens hair, which from his crest  
 Hung dangling down, and with his bounteous trea-  
 O'respread his Corset in a liberal measure ; (sure  
 His curious furniture was fashion'd out,  
 Like to a flying Eagle, round about  
 Beset with plumes, whose crooked beak (being cast  
 Into a costly Jewel) was made fast  
 To th'saddle-bow : Her spreading train did cover  
 His crooper, whilst the trappers seem to hover  
 Like wings, that to the fixt beholders eye  
 As the Horse pranc'd, the Eagle seem'd to fly.  
 Upon his arm (his threatening arm) he wore  
 A sleeve, all curiously embroider'd o're  
 With bleeding hearts which fair *Parthenia* made  
 (In those cross times, when fortune so betray'd  
 Their secret love, and with a smiling frown  
 Dash'd all their false hopes) as copies of her own.  
 Upon his shield (for his device) he set  
 Two neighb'ring Palms, whose budding branches met  
 And twin'd together ; the obscure imprese  
 Imported this : *Thus flourishing as these.*  
 His Horse was of a fiery sorrel, black  
 His main, his feet, his tail, on his proud back



A coal-black list ; his nostrils open wide,  
Breath'd war; before his sparkling eye descry'd  
An enemy to encounter ; up by turns,  
He lifts his hasty hoofs, as if he scorns  
The earth, or if his tabring feet had found  
A way to go, and yet ne're change the ground.  
By this *Amphialm* (who all this while  
Thought minutes years) was landed in the Ile,  
In all respects provided, to afford  
As bounteous entertainment, as the Sword  
And Lance could give ; and at the Trumpets sound  
The Steeds (that needed not a prick to wound  
Their bleeding flanks (both start, and with smooth run-  
Their staves, declining with unshaken cunning, (ning  
Perform'd their masters will with angry speed :  
But *Argalm* his well-instructed Steed  
Being hot, and full of courage, (fiercely led  
By his own pride) prest in his prouder head :  
The which when stout *Amphialm* espy'd  
(Well-knowing it unsafe to give his side)  
Prest likewise in, so that both men and horse  
Shouldring each other with a double force  
Fell to the ground ; but by accustom'd skill  
And help of fortunes hand, that succours still  
Bold spirits, shun'd the danger of the fall,  
And had (less fear'd than hurt) no harm at all :  
They rose, drew forth their swords which now began  
To do what their left staves had let undone.

Have ye beheld a Leaguer ? In what sort  
The deep-mouth'd Cannon plays upon the Fort,  
And how by piece-meals it doth batter down  
The yielding walls of the besieged Town ?  
Even so their swords (whose oft-repeated blows ;  
Could finde no patience yet, to interpose  
A breathing respite) with redoubled strength  
So hew'd their proofless armours, that at length  
Their failing trust began to prove unsound,  
And piece by piece they dropt upon the ground,  
Trusting their bodies to the bare defence  
Of virtue and unarmed innocence :

Such deadly blows were dealt, and such required,  
 That *Mars* himself stood ravish'd and affrighted  
 To see the cruel Combat; every blow  
 Did act two parts; both struck and guarded too  
 At self-same instant: so incomparable  
 Their skilful quickness was, that none was able  
 To say, (although their watchful eyes attended  
 The strokes) who made the blow, or who defend:d  
 Long was it ere their equal skill and force  
 Of arms could shew a better, or a worse:  
 Neither prevail'd as yet, yet both excell'd  
 In not prevailing: never eye beheld  
 More equal odds; no wound as yet could show  
 A drop of wasted blood, yet every blow  
 Was full of death: *When skilful Gamesters play,*  
*The Christmas-Box gains often more than they.*

At length the sword of *Argalus* (that never  
 Thirsted so long in vain till now, nor ever  
 Made vict'ry doubtful for so long a space)  
 Fastned a wound on the disarmed face  
 Of the renown'd *Amphialus*, wherein  
 Had not his faithful shield born part, and been  
 An equal sharer, his unequal fo  
 No doubt had sum'd his conquest in that blow:  
 With that the stout *Amphialus*, whose harm  
 Gave spritely quickness to his wounded arm,  
 Upheav'd his thirsty Brandiron, and let fly  
 A down-right blow, but with a falsifie  
 Revers'd the stroke, and left a gaping wound  
 In his right arm: but *Argalus* that found  
 A loss of blood, exchang'd his open play,  
 And for his more advantage closely lay  
 Upon a lower guard; withall expecting  
 A hop'd revenge, which was not long effecting:  
 For whilest *Amphialus* (whose hopes inflam'd  
 His tyrannous thoughts with conquest, and proclam'd  
 Undoubted victory) heap'd his strokes so fast  
 As if each blow had scorn'd to be the last,  
 The watchful *Argalus* (whose nimble eye  
 Dispos'd his time in onely putting by

Put home a thrust, (his right foot coming in)  
And pierc'd his Navel, that the wound had been  
No less than Death, if Fortune (that can turn  
A mischief to advantage) had forborn  
To shew a miracle; for with that blow  
*Amphialus* last made, his arm had so  
O'restruck it self, that side-ward to the ground  
He fell, and falling, he receiv'd that wound  
Which (had he stood) had enter'd in, point-blank,  
But falling, onely graz'd upon the flank:  
Being down, brave *Argalus* his threatening sword  
Bids yield; *Amphialus* answering not a word  
(As one whose mighty spirit did disdain  
A life of alms) but striving to regain  
His Legs, and Honour, *Argalus* let drive,  
With all the strength a wounded arm could give  
Upon his head; but his hurt arm (not able  
To do him present service, answerable  
To his desires) did let his weapon fall:  
With that *Amphialus* (though daz'd withall)  
Arose, but *Argalus* ran in, and graspt  
(Being clos'd together) with him, where both claspt  
And grip'd each in th'unfriendly arms of either;  
A while they grapled, grappling fell together,  
And on the ground with equal fortune strove;  
Sometimes *Amphialus* was got above,  
And sometimes *Argalus*: both joyntly vow'd  
Revenge; both wallow'd in their mingled blood,  
Both bleeding fresh: now *Argalus* bids yield,  
And now *Amphialus*: both would win the field,  
Yet neither could; at last, by free consent,  
They rose, and to their breathed swords they went.  
The Combat's now renew'd, both laying on,  
As if the fight had been but new begun:  
New wounds assuage the smarting of the old,  
And warm blood intermingled with the cold:  
But *Argalus* (whose wounded arm had lost  
More blood than all his body could almost  
Supply; and like an unthrif, that expends  
So long as he hath either stock, or friends)

Bled more than his spent fountains could make good;  
His spirit could give courage, but not blood.

As when two wealthy Clients that wax old  
In suit (whose learned Counsel can uphold,  
And glori the cause alike on either side)  
During the time their termly golden tide  
Shall flow alike from both; 'tis hard to say,  
Who prospers best, or who shall get the Day;  
But he, whose water first shall cease to flow,  
And ebb so long, till it shall ebb too low,  
His cause, (though richly laden to the brink  
With right) shall strike upon the bar and sink,  
And then an easie Counsel may unfold  
The doubt; the question's ended with the gold:  
Even so our Combatants, the whilest their blood  
Was equal spilt, the cause seem'd equal good,  
The victory equal, equal was their arms,  
Their hopes were equal, equal were their harms:  
But when poor *Argalus* his wasting blood  
Ebb'd in his veins, (although it made a flood,  
A precious flood, in the ungrateful field)  
His cause, his strength (but not his heart) must yield.  
Thus wounded *Argalus* the more he fail'd,  
The more the proud *Amphialus* prevail'd:  
With that, *Amphialus*, (whose noble strife  
Was but to purchase honour, and not life)  
Perceiving what advantage, in the fight  
He gained, and the valour of the Knight  
Became his Sutor, that himself would please  
To pity himself, and let the combat cease:  
Which noble *Argalus* (that never us'd  
An honour to part stakes) with thanks, refus'd:  
(Like to a luckless Gamester; who, the more  
He loses, is less willing to give o're)  
And filling up his empty veins with spite,  
Begins to sum his forces, and unite  
His broken strength; and (like a Lamp that makes  
The greatest blaze at going out) he takes  
His sword in both his hands, and at a blow  
Cleft armour, shield, and arm, almost in two:

But

But now enrag'd *Amphialus* forgets  
 All pity, and trusting to his Cards, he sets  
 That stock of courage, treasur'd in his brest,  
 Making his whole estate of strength his rest :  
 And vies such blows, as *Arg'us* could not see  
 Without his loss of life ; so thundred he  
 Upon his wounded body, that each wound  
 Seem'd like an open Sluce of blood, that found  
 No hand to stop it, till the dolefull cry  
 Of a most beauteous Lady. (who well nigh  
 Had run her self to death) restrain'd his arm  
 (Perchance too late) from doing further harm :

It was the fair *Parthenia*, who at night  
 Had dream'd, she saw her Husband in the plight  
 She now had found him ; Fear and love together  
 Gave her no rest, till they had brought her thither :  
 The nature of her fear did now begin  
 T'expell the fear of Nature stepping in.  
 Between their pointing Swords, she prostrate lay  
 Before their blood-bedabbed feet, to say  
 She knew not what ; for as her lips would strive  
 To be deliver'd, a deep sigh would drive  
 Th'abortive issue of her language forth,  
 Which, born untimely, perish'd in the birth :  
 And if her sighs would give her leave to vent it,  
 O, then a tear would trickle, and prevent it.  
 But when the winde of her loud sighs had laid  
 The shower of her tears, she sobb'd and said ;

O wretched eyes of mine ! O wailful sighs !  
 O Day of Darkness ! O eternal Night !

And there she stopt, her eyes being fixt upon  
*Amphialus*, she sigh'd and thus went on :

My Lord,  
 'Tis said you love ; Then by that sacred power.  
 Of love, or you'd finde mercy in the hour  
 Of greatest misery, leave off, and sheath  
 Your bloody sword ; or else if nought but death  
 May slake your anger, O let mine, let mine  
 Be a sufficient offering at the Shrine.

Of your oppos'd thoughts; or if thou thinkest  
For Argalus his life, then take mine first :  
Or, if for noble blood you seek, if so,  
Accept of mine, my blood is noble too,  
And worth the spilling ; Even for her dear sake,  
Your tender soul affects, awake, awake  
Your noble mercy. Grant I care not whether :  
Let me dy first, or kill me both together.

With that Amphialus was about to speak,  
But Argalus (whose heart did almost break  
To hear Parthenias words) made this reply,

Parthenia, ah Parthenia, Then must I  
Be bought and sold for tears ? Is my condition  
So poor, I cannot live but by petition ?

So said, he stept aside (for fear by chance  
The fury of some mis-guided blow may glance  
And touch Parthenia) and fill'd with high disdain  
Would have begun the combat fresh again :

But now Amphialus was charm'd, his hand  
Had no sufficient warrant to withstand  
Parthenias sute, from whose fair eyes there came  
Such precious tears, in so belov'd a name :  
His eyes grew tender, and his melting heart  
Was overcome, his very soul did smart ;  
He stirr'd not, but kept him at a distance ;  
And (putting by some blows) made no resistance.

But what can long endure ? Lamps wanting oyl  
Must out at last, although they blaze a while :  
Trees, wanting sap must wither ; strength and beauty  
Can claim no privilege to quit that duty  
They ow to Time and Change ; but like a Vine  
(The unsound supporters failing) must decline ;  
Poor Argalus grows faint, and must give o're  
To strike ; his feeble arm can strike no more :  
And Natures pale-fac'd Bailly now distrains  
His blood for that small debt that yet remains  
Unpaid ; his arm that cannot use the point,  
Now leans upon the Pomel : every joynt  
Disclimates their idle sinews ; and his eye  
Begins to double every object by ;

Nothing appears the same it was; the ground  
And all thereon does seem to dance the round:  
His legs grow faint, and thinking to sit down,  
He mist his chair, and fell into a swoon.

With that *Amphialus* and *Parthenia* ran,  
Ran in with haste, *Amphialus* began  
To loose his Helmet, whilest her busie palm  
Chaf'd his cold temples, (and distilling Balm  
Into his wounds) her hasty fingers tore  
Her Linnen sleeves, and Partlet that she wore,  
To wipe the tear-mixt blood away and wrap  
His wounds withall; upon her panting lap  
She laid his lifeless head, and wanting bands  
To binde his bloody cloaths) her nimble hands  
(As if it were ordained for that end,  
And therefore made so long) did freely rend  
Her dainty hair by hand-fulls from her head;  
But as she wrapt the wounds, her eyes would shed  
And wet the rags so much, that she was fain  
With sighs and sobs to dry it up again:  
Thus half-distracted with his griefs and fears,  
These words she intermingles with her tears.

*Distrest Parthenia! Into what estate  
Hath fortune, and the direful hand of fate  
Driv'n thy perplexed soul? O thou, O thou  
That wert the president of all joys but now,  
Now turn'd th' example of all misery,  
For torments worse than death to practise by!  
How less than nothing art thou! and how more  
Than miserable! Thou that wert before  
All Ladies of the earth for happiness  
But very now, (ah me!) now nothing less:  
O angry Heavens, what hath Parthenia done,  
To be thus plagu'd? or why not plagu'd alone,  
If guilty? what shall poor Parthenia do?  
To whom shall she complain? Alas! or who  
Shall give relief? Nay, who can give relief  
To her that hopes for succour from her grief?  
O death! must we be parted then for ever,  
And never meet again? what, never? never?*

Or shall Parthenia now be so unkinde,  
To leave her Argalus, and stay behinde?  
No, no, my dearest Argalus, make room,  
(There's room enough in Heaven) I come, I come.

Who ever saw a dying coal of fire  
Lurk in warm embers (till some breath inspire  
A forc'd revival) how obscure it lies,  
And being blown, glimmers a while and dies:  
So Argalus, to whom Parthenia's breath  
Giving new life, a life in spite of death)  
Recall'd him from his death-resembling trance,  
Who from a panting Pillow did advance  
His feeble head, and looking up, he made  
Hard shift to force a language, and thus said:

My dear Parthenia, now my Glass is run,  
The Tapers tell me that the Play is done;  
My Days are sum'd, Death seizes on my Heart;  
Alas! the time is come, and we must part;  
Yet by my better hopes grim Death doth bring  
No grief to Argalus, no other sting  
But this, that I must leave thee, even before  
My grateful actions can cross the score  
Of thy dear merits.

But since it pleases him, whose wisdom still  
Disposes all things by his better will,  
Depend upon his goodness, and rely  
Upon his pleasure, not inquiring why,  
And trust that one day we shall meet, and then  
Enjoy each other ne're to part again;  
Mean while live happy; Let Parthenia make  
No doubt, but blessed Argalus shall partake  
In all her joys on earth, which shall increase  
His joys in Heaven, and Souls eternal peace:  
Love with the dear remembrance of thy true  
And faithful Argalus; let no thought renew  
My last disgrace; think not the hand of Fate  
Made me unworthy, though unfortunate:

And as he spake that word, his lips did vent  
A sigh, whose violence had well nigh rent



(Blest in their best desires) had espied  
 His face already, for whose sake she died:  
 The Lillies and the Roses (that while ere  
 Strove in her cheeks, till they compounded there)  
 Have broke their truce, and freshly faine to blows,  
 Behold the Lilly hath o'recome the Rose:  
 Her Alabaſter neck (that did out-go  
 The Doves in whiteness, or the new-faine Snow)  
 Was stain'd with blood, as if the red did seek  
 Protection there, being banish'd from her cheek:  
 So full of sweetness was her dying face,  
 That death hath not the power to displace  
 Her native beauty; onely by translation,  
 Molded and cloath'd it in a newer fashion.

But now *Amphialus*, (in whom grief and shame  
 Of this unlucky victory, did clame  
 An equal interest) prostrate on the earth,  
 Accurs'd his sword, his arm, his hour of birth;  
 Casting his helmet and his gauntlet by,  
 His undissembled tears did testifie  
 What words could not: but finding her estate  
 More apt for help than grief (though both too late)  
 Crept on his knees, and begging pardon of her,  
 His hands (his often cursed hands) did proffer  
 Their needles help, and with his life to show  
 What honour a devoted heart could do:  
 Where to *Parthenia* (whose expiring breath  
 Gave speedy signs of a desired death)  
 Turning her fixt (but oft recalled) eyes  
 Upon *Amphialus*, faintly thus replies.

Sir, you have done enough, and I require  
 No more; Your hands have done, what I desire,  
 What I expect; and if against your will,  
 The better; so I wish your favours still.  
 Yet one thing more (if enemies may sue)  
 I crave, which is, to be untouch'd by you;  
 And as for honour, all that I demand,  
 Is not to purchase honour from your hand:  
 No, no, 'twas no such bargain made, that he  
 Whose hands had kill'd my *Argalus* should help me:

Your

Your hands have done enough, I crave no more;  
And for the deeds sake I forgive the doer.

What then remains? but that I go to rest.

With Argalus, and to be repossess'd

Of him, with him for ever to abide,

Ere since whose death I have so often di'd.

And there she fainted (even as if the Clock

Of Death had given a warning ere it struck)

But soon returning to her self again:

Welcome sweet Death (said she) whose minute's pain

Shall crown this Soul with everlasting pleasure.

Come, come, and welcome, I attend thy leisure,

Delay me not, O do me not that wrong,

My Argalus will chide I stay so long:

O now I feel the Gordian knotted bands

Of life untied: O Heavens! into your hands

I recommend my better part, with trust

To find you much more merciful than just;

(Yet truly just withal) O Life! O Death!

I call you to a witness that this breath

Ne're drew a blast of comfort, since that hour

My Arg'us died: O thou eternal Power,

Shroud all my faults beneath the Milk-white veil

Of thy dear mercy, and when this tongue shall fail

To speak, O then ———

And as she spake (O then) O then she left

To speak; and being suddenly bereft

Of words, the fatal Sister did divide

Her slender twine of life, and so she dr'd.

So di'd Parthenia, in whose closed eyes

The world of beauty and perfection lies

(Lockt up by Angels, as a thing divine)

From mortal eyes, the whilest her virtues shine

In perfect glory, in the throne of glory,

Leaving the world no Relick, but the story

Of earths perfection, for the mouth of Fame

To consecrate to her eternal name,

Which shall survive, (if Muses can divine)

(Though not in these poor monuments of mine)

To

To th'end of days, and by these looser rimes,  
Shall be deliver'd to succeeding times :  
So long as beauty shall but finde a friend,  
*Partheniaes* lasting fame shall never end :  
Till, to be truly virtuous, to be chaste,  
Be held a sin, *Partheniaes* name shall last.

Thus when *Amphialus* had put out this Lamp,  
This Lamp of honour, he forsook the Camp,  
And like a willing pris'ner was confin'd  
To the strict limits of a troubled minde :  
No Jury need b'impanell'd or agreed  
Upon the Verdict, none to attest the deed ;  
None to give sentence in the Judgment-hall ;  
Himself was Witness, Jury, Judge, and all :  
Where now we leave him; whilest we turn our eyes  
Upon *Partheniaes* women, whose fierce cries  
Enforce a helpless audience : *It is said,*  
*When Troy was taken, such a cry was made.*  
One snatcht *Partheniaes* sword, resolv'd to dy  
*Partheniaes* death : another raving by,  
Strove for the weapon ; through which eager strife,  
They both were hindred, and each sav'd a life.  
Others, whom wiser passion had taught how  
To grieve at easier rates, did rudely throw  
Their careless bodies on the purple floor ;  
Where, sprinkling dust upon their heads, they tore  
Their tangled hair, and garments drencht in tears,  
And cry'd, as if *Partheniaes* blessed ears  
Could hear the voice of grief, such griefs as would  
Return her from her glory, if they could :  
Each heart was turn'd a wardrobe of true passion,  
Where griefs were clothed in a several fashion.  
Sometimes their sorrow would recall to view  
Her virtue, chastness, sweetness, and renew  
Their wasted passions, and oft-times they bann'd  
Themselves, for obeying her unjust command,  
And now by this the mournful trump of Fame  
(Grown hoarse with very sorrow) did proclame  
And spread her doleful tidings, whilest all ears  
And eyes were fill'd with death and sliding tears :

Pity

Pity and sorrow mixt with admiration,  
 Became the threefold subject of all passion:  
 Grief went her progress through all hearts, and none  
 From the poor Cottage to the princely throne (now  
 Could own a thought, whose best advice could bor-  
 The smallest respite from th<sup>e</sup> extremes of sorrow.

But all this while, *Basilus* princely brest,  
 As it commanded; so out-griev'd the rest:  
 His share was treble; Hearts of Kings are deep  
 And close; what once they entertain they keep  
 With violence; the violence of this passion  
 Admits no mean, as yet no moderation:  
 But soon as grief had done her private rights  
 And dues to Honour; Honour (that delights  
 In publick service, and can make the breath  
 Of sighs and sobs to triumph over Death)  
 Call'd in Solemnity with all her train  
 And military pomp to entertain  
 Our welcome Mourners, whose slow paces tread  
 The paths of Death; and with sad triumph lead  
 The slumbring body to that bed of rest,  
 Where nothing can disquiet or molest  
 Her sacred ashes, there intomb'd lay  
 The valiant *Argalus*; and there, they say,  
 Ere since that time, th<sup>e</sup> *Arcadians* once a year,  
 Visit the ruines of their Sepulcher;  
 And in memorial of their faithful loves  
 There built an altar, where two milk-white Doves  
 They yearly offer to the hallowed Fame  
 Of *Argalus* and his *Parthenias* name,

Hos ego verficulos.

**L**ike to the Damask-Rose you see,  
 Or like the blossom on a tree,  
 Or like the daisy flower of May,  
 Or like the morning to the day,  
 Or like the Sun, or like the shade,  
 Or like the Gourd that Jonas had,  
 Even such is Man, whose thread is spun,  
 Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.

The

*The Rose withers, the blossom blasseth,  
The flower fades, the morning hasteeth :  
The Sun sets, the shadow flies,  
The Gourd consumes, and Man he dies.*

*Like to the blaze of fond delight,  
Or like a morning clear and bright,  
Or like a frost, or like a shower,  
Or like the pride of Babel's tower,  
Or like the hour that guides the time,  
Or like to beauty in her prime :  
Even such is Man, whose glory lends  
His life a blaze or two, and ends.*

*Delights vanish, the morn o'recasteth,  
The frost breaks, the shower hasteeth,  
The tower falls, the hour spends,  
The beauty fades, and Mans life ends.*

Fr. Quarles.

## The Authour's Dream.

### I.

**M***Y sins are like the hairs upon my head,  
And raise their Audit to as high a score :  
In this they differ ; These do daily shed ;  
But ah ! my sins grow daily more and more.  
If by my hairs thou number'st out my sins ;  
Heaven make me bald before that day begins.*

### II.

*My sins are like the sands upon the shore,  
Which every ebb lays open to the eye.  
In this they differ ; These are cover'd o're  
With every tide, my sins still openly.  
If thou wilt make my Head a Sea of Tears,  
O they will hide the sins of all my years.*

## III.

*My sins are like the Stars within the skies,  
In view, in number ; even as bright, as great ;  
In this they differ ; They do set and rise ;  
But oh ! My sins do rise, but never set.*

*Shine Sun of glory, and my sins are gone,  
Like twinkling Stars before the rising Sun.*

Fr. Quarles.

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FINIS.

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Courteous Reader, These Books following are printed for, or sold by *Edward Thomas*, at the *Adam and Eve* in *Little-Britain*, 1664.

All the several printed Works of *William Prynn* Esq; being 160 in number, with a printed Catalogue of than names of every Book.

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